Bright is the Ring of Words when the Right Man Rings them

THE RING OF WORDS

ARRANGED IN THREE BOOKS FOR USE IN SCHOOLS

by

REED MOORHOUSE

SECOND BOOK

J·M·DENT·AND·SONS·LIMITED·

THE·EARTH·
AND·EVERY·
COMM^N·SIGHT·
TO·ME·DID·SEEM
APPARELLED
IN·CELESTIAL
LIGHT.

BOOK TWO

The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

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RING OF WORDS
A BOOK OF VERSE
ARRANGED IN THREE BOOKS
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BOOK TWO

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

"Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them"

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I LOVE
ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS

I LOVE all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise,
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

FEBRUARY

THE robin on my lawn,
He was the first to tell
How, in the frozen dawn,
This miracle befell,
Waking the meadows white
With hoar, the iron road
Agleam with splintered light,
And ice where water flowed:
Till, when the low sun drank
Those milky mists that cloak
Hanger and hollied bank,

The winter world awoke
To hear the feeble bleat
Of lambs on downland farms:
A blackbird whistled sweet;
Old beeches moved their arms
Into a mellow haze
Aerial, newly-born:
And I, alone, agaze,
Stood waiting for the thorn
To break in blossom white,
Or burst in a green flame. . . .
So, in a single night,
Fair February came,
Bidding my lips to sing
Or whisper their surprise,
With all the joy of spring
And morning in her eyes.

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG.

SPRING, THE TRAVELLING MAN

SPRING, the Travelling Man, has been here,
Here in the glen;
He must have passed by in the grey of the dawn,
When only the robin and wren
Were awake,
Watching out with their bright little eyes
In the midst of the brake.
The rabbits, maybe, heard him pass,
Stepping light on the grass,
Whistling careless and gay at the break o' the day.
Then the blackthorn to give him delight
Put on raiment of white:

And, all for his sake,
The gorse on the hill, where he rested an hour,
Grew bright with a splendour of flower.
My grief, that I was not aware
Of himself being there;
It is I would have given my dower
To have seen him set forth,
Whistling careless and gay in the grey of the morn,
By gorse bush and fraughan and thorn,
On his way to the north.

WINIFRED LETTS.

TO SPRING

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell one another, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth
And let thy holy feet visit our clime!

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments: let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,
Whose modest tresses are bound up for thee.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

IN SPRING-TIDE

This is the hour, the day,
The time, the season sweet.
Quick! hasten, laggard feet,
Brook not delay;
Love flies, youth passes, Maytide will not last;
Forth, forth, while yet 'tis time, before the Spring is past.

The Summer's glories shine
From all her garden ground,
With lilies prankt around
And roses fine;
But the pink blooms or white upon the bursting trees,
Primrose and violet sweet, what charm has June like these?

This is the time of song.
From many a joyous throat,
Mute all the dull year long,
Soars love's clear note;
Summer is dumb, and faint with dust and heat;
This is the mirthful time when every sound is sweet.

Fair day of larger light,
Life's own appointed hour,
Young souls bud forth in white—
The world's a-flower;
Thrill, youthful heart; soar upward, limpid voice;
Blossoming-time is come—rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

QUEEN MAB

SHE is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat . . .
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BERRIES

THERE was an old woman
  Went blackberry picking
Along the hedges
  From Weep to Wicking.
Half a pottle—
  No more she had got,
When out steps a Fairy
  From her green grot;
And says, " Well, Jill,
  Would 'ee pick 'ee mo? "
And Jill, she curtseys,
  And looks just so.
" Be off," says the Fairy,
  " As quick as you can,
Over the meadows
  To the little green lane,
That dips to the hayfields
  Of Farmer Grimes:
I've berried those hedges
  A score of times;
Bushel on bushel
  I'll promise 'ee, Jill,
This side of supper
  If 'ee pick with a will."
She glints very bright,
  And speaks her fair;
Then lo, and behold!
  She had faded in air.

Be sure Old Goodie
  She trots betimes

Over the meadows
To Father Grimes
And never was queen
With jewellery rich
As those same hedges
From twig to ditch;
Like Dutchmen's coffers,
Fruit, thorn, and flower—
They shone like William
And Mary's bower.
And be sure Old Goodie
Went back to Weep,
So tired with her basket
She scarce could creep.

When she comes in the dusk
To her cottage door,
There's Towser wagging
As never before,
To see his Missus
So glad to be
Come from her fruit-picking
Back to he.
As soon as next morning
Dawn was grey,
The pot on the hob
Was simmering away;
And all in a stew
And a hugger-mugger
Towser and Jill
A-boiling of sugar,
And the dark clear fruit
That from Faërie came,
For syrup and jelly
And blackberry jam.

Twelve jolly gallipots
  Jill put by;
And one little teeny one,
  One inch high;
And that she's hidden
  A good thumb deep,
Half way over
  From Wicking to Weep.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

A FAERY SONG

WHEN through a thousand eyes
Heaven is gleaming,
Troop there folk wee and wise,
Laden with dreaming;
Packs full of finest gold
Culled from the river,
Where sunbeams manifold
Shimmer and shiver;
Packs full of diamonds they
Gathered at morning,
Down by the meadow-way,
Grasses adorning;
Packs full of love-songs more
Sweet than a lover's,
Filched from a troubadour
Feathered pelt covers.
    Come away!
    Come and play
    Life with the faeries,
    Lest you grow old and grey
    Dwelling where care is.

Down from the hillsides green,
Up from the valleys,
Round her Queen Mab, I ween,
All her host rallies;
For him who wakes to see
—Gladdest of mortals—
Faeryland verily
Opens her portals;
Every elf on the ground,
Lo, his pack flinging,
See them dance round and round,
Hark to their singing!

Come away!
Come and play
Life with the faeries,
Lest you grow old and grey
Dwelling where care is.

Work-a-day! Work-a-day!
Counting your sorrow;
Night is the hour of play
Ere dawns the morrow.
Here there be gold and stones,
Love in full measure;
He who sleeps lightly owns
Princeliest treasure.
Gather then while ye may
Dreams full of gladness,
Though with the turn of day
Care come and sadness.

Come away!
Come and play
Life with the faeries,
Lest you grow old and grey
Dwelling where care is.

MADELEINE NIGHTINGALE.

THE SHORT CUT TO ROSSES

By the short cut to Rosses a fairy girl I met;
I was taken in her beauty as a fish is in a net:
The fern uncurled to look at her, so very fair was she,
With her hair as bright as sea-weed new-drawn from out the sea.

By the short cut to Rosses ('twas on the first of May)
I heard the fairies piping, and they piped my heart away;
They piped till I was mad with joy, but when I was alone
I found my heart was piped away and in my breast a stone.

By the short cut to Rosses 'tis I'll go never more,
Lest I be robbed of soul by her that stole my heart before,
Lest she take my soul and crush it like a dead leaf in her hand,
For the short cut to Rosses is the way to Fairyland.

NORA CHESSON.

CHEATED ELSIE

ELSIE was a maiden fair
As the sun
Shone upon:
Born to teach her swains despair

By smiling on them every one;
Born to win all hearts to her
Just because herself had none;
All the day she had no care,
For she was a maiden fair
As the sun
Shone upon,
Heartless as the brooks that run.

All the maids, with envy tart,
Sneering said, " She has no heart! "
All the youths, with bitter smart,
Sighing said, " She has no heart! "
Could she care
For their sneers or their despair
When she was a maiden fair
As the sun
Shone upon,
Heartless as the brooks that run?

But one day whenas she stood
In a wood
Haunted by the fairy brood,
Did she view, or dream she viewed
In a vision's
Wild misprisions,
How a pedlar, dry and rude
As a crook'd branch taking flesh,
Caught the spirit in a mesh,
Singing of—" What is't ye lack? "
Wizard pack,
On twisted back,
Still he sang, " What is't ye lack? "

" Lack ye land or lack ye gold,
What I give, I give unsold;
Lack ye wisdom, lack ye beauty,
To your suit he
Gives unpaid, the pedlar old! "

FAIRIES

Beware, beware! the gifts he gives
One pays for, sweetheart, while one lives.

ELSIE

What is it the maidens say
That I lack?

PEDLAR

By this bright day
Can so fair a maiden lack?
Maid so sweet
Should be complete.

ELSIE

Yet a thing they say I lack.
In thy pack—
Pedlar, tell—
Hast thou ever a heart to sell?

PEDLAR

Yea, a heart I have, as tender
As the mood of evening air.

ELSIE

Name thy price!

PEDLAR

The price, by Sorrow!
Only is, the heart to wear.

ELSIE

Not great the price, as was my fear.

FAIRIES

So cheap a price was ne'er so dear.
Beware, beware,
O rash and fair!
The gifts he gives,
Sweetheart, one pays for while one lives!

Scarce the present did she take,
When the heart began to ache.

ELSIE

Ah, what is this? Take back thy gift!
I had not, and I knew no lack;
Now I have, I lack for ever!

FAIRIES

The gifts he gives, he takes not back.

ELSIE

Ah, why the present did I take,
And knew not that a heart would ache?

FAIRIES

Ache! and is that all thy sorrow?—
Beware, beware,—a heart will break!

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

VESPERS

O BLACKBIRD, what a boy you are!
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—
How you do blow it!
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?
Or is it wasted breath?
" Good Lord, she is so bright
To-night! "
The blackbird saith.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

BIRD OF THE WILDERNESS

BIRD of the wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away.

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

TO THE REDBREAST

UNHEARD in summer's flaring ray,
Pour forth thy notes, sweet singer!
Wooing the stillness of the autumn day;
Bid it a moment linger,
Nor fly
Too soon from winter's scowling eye.

The blackbird's song at eventide,
And hers, who gay ascends,
Filling the heavens far and wide,
Are sweet, but none so blends
As thine
With calm decay and peace divine.

JOHN KEBLE.

A LAND DIRGE

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

JOHN WEBSTER.

THE ROBIN'S CROSS

A LITTLE cross
To tell my loss;
A little bed
To rest my head;
A little tear is all I crave
Upon my very little grave.

I strew thy bed
Who loved thy lays;
The tear I shed,
The cross I raise,
With nothing more upon it than,
" Here lies the little friend of man."

GEORGE DARLEY.

THE ROBIN'S GRAVE

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
When piping winds are hushed around,
A small note wakes from underground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
Gone to the world where birds are blessed!
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen:
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring
Inspire their little souls to sing.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

HOLY GROUND

PAUSE where apart the fallen sparrow lies,
And lightly tread;
For there the pity of a Father's eyes
Enshrines the dead.

JOHN BANISTER TABB.

THE THRUSH'S SONG

DEAR, dear, dear,
Is the rocky glen.
Far away, far away, far away
The haunts of men.

Here shall we dwell in love
With the lark and the dove,
Cuckoo and cornrail;
Feast on the banded snail,
Worm and gilded fly;
Drink of the crystal rill
Winding adown the hill
Never to dry.

With glee, with glee, with glee,
Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, here
Nothing to harm us, then sing merrily,
Sing to the loved ones whose nest is near—

Qui, qui, qui, kweeu quip,
Tiurru, tiurru, chipiwi,
Too-tee, too-tee, chiu choo,
Chirri, chirri, chooee,
Quiu, qui, qui.

WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY.

LARK'S SONG

In Mercer Street the light slants down,
And straightway an enchanted town
Is round him, pinnacle and spire
Flash back, elate, the sudden fire;
And clear above the silent street
Falls suddenly and strangely sweet
The lark's song. Bubbling, note on note
Rise fountain-like, o'erflow and float
Tide upon tide, and make more fair
The magic of the sunlit air.
No more the cage can do him wrong,
All is forgotten save his song:
He has forgot the ways of men,
Wide heaven is over him again,
And round him the wide fields of dew
That his first infant mornings knew,
Ere yet the dolorous years had brought
The hours of captive anguish, fraught
With the vile clamour of the street,
The insult of the passing feet,
The torture of the daily round,
The organ's blasphemy of sound.
Sudden some old swift memory brings
The knowledge of forgotten wings,
He springs elate and panting falls
At the rude touch of prison walls.
Silence. Again the street is grey;
Shut down the windows. Work-a-day.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

HARK, HOW THE BIRDS DO SING

HARK, how the birds do sing
And woods do ring!
All creatures have their joy, and man has his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than at present is.
Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer;

But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.
Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

GEORGE HERBERT.

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

I

"TOM PEARSE, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,"
All along, down along, out along, lee.
"For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all."
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

II

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?"—
All along, down along, out along, lee.
"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all."
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

III

Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
But Tom Pearse's old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

IV

So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And he sees his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

V

So Tom Pearse's old mare her took sick and her died,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried

Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

VI

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

VII

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
Tom Pearse's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

VIII

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
From Tom Pearse's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.
Chorus—Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

Old Ballad.

SHERWOOD

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! the dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together,
With quarterstaff and drinking-can and grey goose feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the may
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer—from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter, and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

ALFRED NOYES.

WEEP, WEEP, YE WOODMEN

WEEP, weep, ye woodmen! wail;
Your hands with sorrow wring!
Your master Robin Hood lies dead,
Therefore sigh as you sing.

Here lie his primer and his beads,
His bent bow and his arrows keen,
His good sword and his holy cross:
Now cast on flowers fresh and green.

And, as they fall, shed tears and say,
"Well, well-a-day! well, well-a-day!"
Thus cast ye flowers fresh, and sing,
And on to Wakefield take your way.

ANTHONY MUNDAY.

BOLD ROBIN

BOLD Robin has robed him in ghostly attire,
And forth he is gone like a holy friar,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down:
And of two grey friars he soon was aware,
Regaling themselves with dainty fare,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

" Good morrow, good brothers," said bold Robin Hood,
" And what make you in good greenwood?
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down:
Now give me, I pray you, wine and food;
For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown."

" Good brother," they said, " we would give you full fain,
But we have no more than enough for twain,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down."
" Then give me some money," said bold Robin Hood,
" For none can I find in the good greenwood,
All on the fallen leaves so brown."

" No money have we, good brother," said they:
" Then," said he, " we three for money will pray,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down:
And whatever shall come at the end of our prayer,
We three holy friars shall piously share,
All on the fallen leaves so brown."

" We will not pray with thee, good brother, God wot;
For truly, good brother, thou pleases us not,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down."
Then up they both started from Robin to run,
But down on their knees Robin pulled them each one,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

The grey friars prayed with a doleful face,
But bold Robin prayed with a right merry grace,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down:
And when they had prayed, their portmanteau he took,
And from it a hundred good angels he shook
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

"The saints," said bold Robin, "have hearkened
our prayer,
And here's a good angel apiece for your share;
If more you would have, you must win ere you wear,
Singing, hey down, ho down, down, derry down."
Then he blew his good horn with a musical cheer,
And fifty green bowmen came trooping full near,
And away the grey friars they bounded like deer,
All on the fallen leaves so brown.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE PRINCESS AND THE GIPSIES

As I looked out one May morning
I saw the tree-tops green;
I said, "My crown I will lay down
And live no more a queen."

Then I tripped down my golden steps
All in my silken gown,
And when I stood in the open wood
I met some gipsies brown.

"O gentle, gentle gipsies,
That roam the wide world through,
Because I hate my crown and state
O let me come with you.

"My councillors are old and grey,
And sit in narrow chairs;
But you can hear the birds sing clear,
And your hearts are light as theirs."

" If you would come along with us
Then you must count the cost;
For though in spring the sweet birds sing,
In winter comes the frost.

" Your ladies serve you all the day
With courtesy and care;
Your fine-shod feet they tread so neat;
But gipsies' feet go bare.

" You wash in water running warm
Through basins all of gold;
The streams where we roam have silvery foam,
But the streams, the streams are cold.

" And barley-bread is bitter to taste,
While sugary cakes they please—
Which will you choose, O which will you choose,
Which will you choose of these?

" For if you choose the mountain streams
And barley-bread to eat,
Your heart will be free as the birds in the tree,
But the stones will cut your feet.

" The mud will spoil your silken gown,
And stain your insteps high;
The dogs in the farm will wish you harm
And bark as you go by.

" And though your heart grow deep and gay,
And your heart grow wise and rich,
The cold will make your bones to ache
And you will die in a ditch."

" O gentle, gentle gipsies,
That roam the wide world through,
Although I praise your wandering ways
I dare not come with you."

I hung about their fingers brown
My ruby rings and chain,
And with my head as heavy as lead
I turned me back again.

As I went up the palace steps,
I heard the gipsies laugh;
The birds of Spring so sweet did sing;
My heart it broke in half.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O

THREE gipsies stood at the castle gate,
They sang so high, they sang so low,
They sang so shrill, they sang so sweet,
Her heart it melted away like snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,
That fast her tears began to flow,
And she pulled off her silken gown
To go with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O.

She pluckèd off her high-heeled shoes,
Her golden rings and all her show;
She would in the street, with her bare, bare feet,
All out in the wind and the weather, O.

"O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
Go fetch your lord his pony, O!
That he may ride and seek his bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!"

O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O.

"What makes you leave your house and land?
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O?"

"What care I for my house and land?
What care I for my treasure, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord?
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!"

"Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!"

"What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!"

Anonymous.

GIPSIES

The snow falls deep; the forest lies alone;
The boy goes hasty for his load of brakes,[1]
Then thinks about the fire and hurries back;
The gipsy knocks his hands and tucks them up,
And seeks his squalid camp, half hid in snow,
Beneath the oak which breaks away the wind,
And bushes close in snow-like hovel warm;
There tainted mutton wastes upon the coals,
And the half-wasted dog squats close and rubs,
Then feels the heat too strong, and goes aloof:
He watches well, but none a bit can spare,
And vainly waits the morsel thrown away.
'Tis thus they live—a picture to the place,
A quiet, pilfering, unprotected race.

John Clare.

BEGGARS

What noise of viols is so sweet
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want when beggars meet?
A beggar's life is for a king.
Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list,
Go where we will—so stocks be missed.
Bright shines the sun; play, beggars, play!
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

The world is ours, and ours alone;
For we alone have world at will.
We purchase not—all is our own;
Both fields and street we beggars fill.

[1] Bracken.

Eat, drink and play, sleep when we list,
Go where we will—so stocks be missed.
Bright shines the sun ; play, beggars, play !
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

FRANCIS DAVIDSON.

CUPID GONE ASTRAY

TELL me, lasses, have ye seen
Lately wandering o'er the green,
Beauty's son, a little boy,
Full of frolic, mirth, and joy?
If you know his shelter, say:
He's from Venus gone astray.
Tell me, lasses, have ye seen
Such a one trip o'er the green?

By his marks the god you'll know:
O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver full of darts,
Poison sure to human hearts;
Though he's little, naked, blind,
He can triumph o'er the mind.
Tell me, lasses, have ye seen
Such a one trip o'er the green?

Oft the urchin's seen to lie
Basking in the sunny eye;
Or his destined prey he seeks
On the maiden's rosy cheeks;
Snowy breasts, or curling hair,
Oft conceal his pleasing snare.
Tell me, lasses, have ye seen
Such a one trip o'er the green?

SAMUEL DERRICK.

MY SWEET SWEETING

Ah my sweet sweeting,
My little pretty sweeting,
My sweeting will I love wherever I go.

She is so proper and so pure,
Full steadfast, stable and demure,
There is none such, ye may be sure,
As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,
Is none so pleasant to my eye,
That I am glad so oft to see,
As my sweet sweeting.

When I behold my sweeting sweet,
Her face, her hands, her minion feet,
They seem to me there is none so sweet
As my sweet sweeting. . . .

Above all other praise must I
And love my pretty piggésnie,
For none I find so womanly
As my sweet sweeting.

Anonymous.

O MISTRESS MINE

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
  That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting—
  Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
  What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,—
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
  Youth's a stuff will not endure.

William Shakespeare.

KATE O' BELASHANNY

I

Seek up and down, both fair and brown,
  We've purty lasses many, O;
But brown or fair, one girl most rare,
  The Flow'r o' Belashanny, O.
As straight is she as poplar-tree
  (Tho' not as aisy shaken, O),
And walks so proud among the crowd,
  For queen she might be taken, O.
    From top to toe, where'er you go,
  The loveliest girl of any, O,—
    Ochone! your mind I find unkind,
  Sweet Kate o' Belashanny, O!

II

One summer day the banks were gay,
The Erne in sunshine glancin' there,
The big cascade its music play'd
And set the salmon dancin' there.
Along the green my Joy was seen;
Some goddess bright I thought her there;
The fishes, too, swam close, to view
Her image in the water there.
From top to toe, where'er you go,
The loveliest girl of any, O,—
Ochone! your mind I find unkind,
Sweet Kate o' Belashanny, O!

III

My dear, give ear!—the river's near,
And if you think I'm shammin' now,
To end my grief I'll seek relief
Among the trout and salmon, now;
For shrimps and sharks to make their marks,
And other watery vermin there;
Unless a mermaid saves my life,—
My wife, and me her merman there.
From top to toe, where'er you go,
The loveliest girl of any, O,—
Mavrone! your mind I find unkind,
Sweet Kate o' Belashanny, O!

IV

'Tis all in vain that I complain;
No use to coax or chide her there;
As far away from me as Spain,
Although I stand beside her there.

O cruel Kate! since that's my fate,
I'll look for love no more in you;
The seagull's screech as soon would reach
Your heart, as me implorin' you.
Tho' fair you are, and rare you are,
The loveliest flow'r of any, O,—
Too proud and high,—good-bye, say I,
To Kate o' Belashanny, O!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

WHEN MOLLY SMILES

WHEN Molly smiles beneath her cow,
I feel my heart—I can't tell how:
When Molly is on Sunday dressed,
On Sundays I can take no rest.

What can I do? On worky days
I leave my work on her to gaze.
What shall I say? At sermons, I
Forget the text when Molly's by.

Good master curate, teach me how
To mind your preaching and my plough:
And if for this you'll raise a spell,
A good fat goose shall thank you well.

Old Rhyme.

JEAN

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I love best;
There wild woods grow, and rivers flow,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

DIAPHENIA

DIAPHENIA, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams—
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!

I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power,
For, dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessèd,
When all thy praises are expressèd,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the Spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

HENRY CONSTABLE.

CHERRY-RIPE

THERE is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none can buy,
Till *Cherry-Ripe* themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till *Cherry-Ripe* themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brow like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till *Cherry-Ripe* themselves do cry!

THOMAS CAMPION.

A WOOING SONG OF A YEOMAN OF KENT'S SON

I HAVE house and land in Kent,
And if you'll love me, love me now;
Twopence-halfpenny is my rent,
I cannot come every day to woo.

Chorus. Twopence-halfpenny is his rent,
And he cannot come every day to woo.

I am my vather's eldest zonne,
My mother eke doth love me well,
For I can bravely clout my shoone,
And I full well can ring a bell.

Chorus. For he can bravely clout his shoone,
And he full well can ring a bell.

My vather he gave me a hog,
My mother she gave me a zow;
I have a God-vather dwells thereby,
And he on me bestowed a plow.

Chorus. He has a God-vather dwells thereby,
And he on him bestowed a plow.

One time I gave thee a paper of pins,
Another time a tawdry-lace;
And if thou wilt not grant me love,
In truth I die bevore thy vace.

Chorus. And if thou wilt not grant his love,
In truth he'll die bevore thy vace.

I have been twice our Whitsun-lord,
I have had ladies many vair,
And eke thou hast my heart in hold
And in my mind zeemes passing rare.

Chorus. And eke thou hast his heart in hold
And in his mind zeemes passing rare.

I will put on my best white slops
And I will wear my yellow hose,
And on my head a good grey hat,
And in't I'll stick a lovely rose.

Chorus. And on his head a good grey hat,
And in't he'll stick a lovely rose.

Wherefore cease off, make no delay;
And if you'll love me, love me now,
Or else I'll zeek zome oderwhere,
For I cannot come every day to woo.

Chorus. Or else he'll zeek zome oderwhere,
For he cannot come every day to woo.

Anonymous.

UNWELCOME

We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise,
And the door stood open at our feast,
When there passed us a woman with the West in her eyes,
And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast,
  The loudest voice was still.
The jest died away on our lips as they passed,
  And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turned pale on the board,
  The white bread black as soot.
The hound forgot the hand of her lord,
  She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie, where the dead dog lies,
  Ere I sit me down again at a feast,
When there passes a woman with the West in her eyes,
  And a man with his back to the East.

MARY COLERIDGE.

THE GNU

G STANDS for Gnu, whose weapons of defence
Are long, sharp, curling horns, and common sense.
To these he adds a name so short and strong,
That even hardy Boers pronounce it wrong.
How often on a bright autumnal day
The pious people of Pretoria say,
"Come, let us hunt the ——" Then no more is heard,
But sounds of strong men struggling with a word;
Meanwhile the distant Gnu with grateful eyes
Observes his opportunity and flies.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

SONG OF THE DOG "QUOODLE"

THEY haven't got no noses,
The fallen sons of Eve;
Even the smell of roses
Is not what they supposes;
But more than mind discloses
And more than men believe.

They haven't got no noses;
They cannot even tell
When door and darkness closes
The park a Jew encloses,
Where even the Law of Moses
Will let you steal a smell.

The brilliant smell of water,
The brave smell of a stone,
The smell of dew and thunder,
The old bones buried under,
Are things in which they blunder
And err, if left alone.

The wind from winter forests,
The scent of scentless flowers,
The breath of brides adorning,
The smell of snare and warning,
The smell of Sunday morning,
God gave to us for ours.

And Quoodle here discloses
All things that Quoodle can;
They haven't got no noses,
They haven't got no noses,
And goodness only knowses
The Noselessness of Man.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

THE FLY

ONCE musing as I sat,
And candle burning by,
When all were hushed, I might discern
A simple, sely fly;
That flew before mine eyes,
With free rejoicing heart,
And here and there with wings did play,
As void of pain and smart.
Sometime by me she sat
When she had played her fill;
And ever when she rested had
About she fluttered still.
When I perceived her well
Rejoicing in her place,
"O happy fly!" quoth I, "and eke
O worm in happy case!
Which of us two is best?
I that have reason? No:
But thou that reason art without,
And therefore void of woe.
I live, and so dost thou:
But I live all in pain,

And subject am to one, alas!
That makes my grief her gain.
Thou livest, but feel'st no grief;
No love doth thee torment.
A happy thing for me it were
(If God were so content)
That thou with pen wert placèd here,
And I sat in thy place:
Then I should joy as thou dost now,
And thou should'st wail thy case."

BARNABE GOOGE.

AN EPIGRAM

A MEMBER of the modern great
Passed Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in his car of state,
The tinker forced to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE COMMON STREET

THE common street climbed up against the sky,
Grey meeting grey; and wearily to and fro
I saw the patient, common people go,
Each with his sordid burden trudging by.
And the rain dropped; there was not any sigh
Or stir of a live wind; dull, dull, and slow
All motion; as a tale told long ago
The faded world; and creeping night drew nigh.

Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet,
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven.
Suddenly down the long, wet glistening hill
Pure splendour poured—and lo! the common street,
A golden highway into golden heaven,
With the dark shapes of men ascending still.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

IN LADY STREET

All day long the traffic goes
In Lady Street by dingy rows
Of sloven houses, tattered shops—
Fried fish, old clothes, and fortune-tellers—
Tall trams on silver-shining rails,
With grinding wheels and swaying tops,
And lorries with their corded bales,
And screeching cars. "Buy, buy!" the sellers
Of rags and bones and sickening meat
Cry all day long in Lady Street.

And when the sunshine has its way
In Lady Street, then all the grey
Dull desolation grows in state
More dull and grey and desolate,
And the sun is a shamefast thing,
A lord not comely-housed, a god,
Seeing what gods must blush to see,
A song where it is ill to sing,
And each gold ray despiteously
Lies like a gold ironic rod.

Yet one grey man in Lady Street
Looks for the sun. He never bent
Life to his will, his travelling feet
Have scaled no cloudy continent,
Nor has the sickle-hand been strong.
He lives in Lady Street; a bed,
Four cobwebbed walls.

But all day long
A time is singing in his head
Of youth in Gloucester lanes. He hears
The wind among the barley-blades,
The tapping of the woodpeckers

On the smooth beeches, thistle-spades
Slicing the sinewy roots; he sees
The hooded filberts in the copse
Beyond the loaded orchard trees,
The netted avenues of hops;
He smells the honeysuckle thrown
Along the hedge. He lives alone,
Alone—yet not alone, for sweet
Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

Ay, Gloucester lanes. For down below
The cobwebbed room this grey man plies
A trade, a coloured trade. A show
Of many-coloured merchandise
Is in his shop. Brown filberts there,
And apples red with Gloucester air,
And cauliflowers he keeps, and round
Smooth marrows grown on Gloucester ground,
Fat cabbages and yellow plums,
And gaudy brave chrysanthemums.
And times a glossy pheasant lies
Among his store, not Tyrian dyes
More rich than are the neck-feathers;
And times a prize of violets,
Or dewy mushrooms satin-skinned.
And times an unfamiliar wind
Robbed of its woodland favour stirs
Gay daffodils this grey man sets
Among his treasure.

All day long
In Lady Street the traffic goes
By dingy houses, desolate rows
Of shops that stare like hopeless eyes
Day long the sellers cry their cries,

The fortune-tellers tell no wrong
Of lives that know not any right,
And drift, that has not even the will
To drift, toils through the day until
The wage of sleep is won at night.
But this grey man heeds not at all
The hell of Lady Street. His stall
Of many-coloured merchandise
He makes a shining paradise,
As all day long chrysanthemums
He sells, and red and yellow plums
And cauliflowers. In that one spot
Of Lady Street the sun is not
Ashamed to shine and send a rare
Shower of colour through the air;
The grey man says the sun is sweet
On Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years.
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE STOLEN CHILD

WHERE dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water-rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berries,
And of reddest stolen cherries.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than
you can understand.

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances

Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than
you can understand.

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout,
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than
you can understand.

Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside;
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal-chest.

For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he
can understand.

WILLIAM B. YEATS.

THE TRUANTS

ERE my heart beats too coldly and faintly
To remember sad things, yet be gay,
I would sing a brief song of the world's little children
Magic hath stolen away.

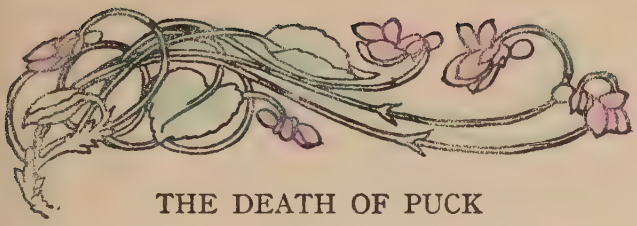
The primroses scattered by April,
The stars of the wide Milky Way,
Cannot outnumber the hosts of the children
Magic hath stolen away.

The buttercup green of the meadows,
The snow of the blossoming may,
Lovelier are not than the legions of children
Magic hath stolen away.

The waves tossing surf in the moonbeam,
The albatross lone on the spray,
Alone know the tears wept in vain for the children
Magic hath stolen away.

In vain: for at hush of the evening,
When the stars twinkle into the grey,
Seems to echo the far-away calling of children
Magic hath stolen away.

WALTER DE LA MARE.



THE DEATH OF PUCK

I

I FEAR that Puck is dead—it is so long
  Since men last saw him—dead with all the rest
  Of that sweet elfin crew that made their nest
In hollow nuts, where hazels sing their song;
Dead and for ever, like the antique throng
  The elves replaced; the Dryad that you guessed
  Behind the leaves; the Naiad weed-bedressed;
The leaf-eared Faun that loved to lead you wrong.

Tell me, thou hopping Robin, hast thou met
  A little man, no bigger than thyself,
Whom they call Puck, where woodland bells are wet?
Tell me, thou Wood-Mouse, hast thou seen an elf
  Whom they call Puck, and is he seated yet,
Capp'd with a snail-shell, on his mushroom shelf?

II

The Robin gave three hops, and chirped, and said:
  "Yes, I knew Puck, and loved him; though I trow
  He mimicked oft my whistle, chuckling low;
Yes, I knew cousin Puck; but he is dead.
We found him lying on his mushroom bed—
  The Wren and I—half covered up with snow,
  As we were hopping where the berries grow.
We think he died of cold. Ay, Puck is fled."

And then the Wood-Mouse said: "We made the
Mole
Dig him a little grave beneath the moss,
And four big Dormice placed him in the hole.
The Squirrel made with sticks a little cross;
Puck was a Christian elf, and had a soul;
And all we velvet jackets mourn his loss."

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

SONG

WHAT is there hid in the heart of a rose,
Mother mine?
Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows?
A Man that died on a lonely hill
May tell you, perhaps, but none other will,
Little child.

What does it take to make a rose,
Mother mine?
The God that died to make it knows
It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the might of heaven and hell
And the everlasting Love as well,
Little child.

ALFRED NOYES.

MOSS ROSES

So runs the tale: that once an Angel strayed
To earth, and, weary, rested in the shade,
Beneath a bush with blushing Roses hung.
For his delight they perfume gladly flung;
And, thus refreshed, he rested till the even,
The earth's kind Roses tending one from heaven.
" Say then," said he, " what gift I must bestow
For all your care of me this day below.
Shall I transplant you to the heavenly field,
Where fairer flowers than Earth's God's praises
yield? "

" Not so," replied the Roses, " we would stay
And grace the earth what little time we may;
Freely to give our beauty and our love,
Thus serving Man below and God above."
" Dear Roses all," thus spake the Angel then,
" As fair as flowers of heaven bloom here for men.
Take this small gift to make your charm complete."
And simple moss made sweetest flowers more sweet.

From *The Ivory Gate.*

THE ROSE

A ROSE, as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone;
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known:

The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
And learnèd bards of it their ditties made;
The nimble fairies by the pale-faced moon
Watered the root and kissed her pretty shade

But well-a-day—the gardener careless grew;
The maids and fairies both were kept away,
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray.

God shield the stock! If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

SEVILLE

I KNOW not Seville,
Yet in dreams I see
The April roses
Climb from tree to tree,
And foam the houses
Till they seem to me
Great waves of blossom
From a crimson sea.

I know not Seville,
Yet in dreams I see
The drooping petals
Falling languidly,
And find the shadow
Where the grass is red
And white with roses
On a sun-warmed bed!

I know not Seville,
Yet I feel the night
Grow heavy scented,
Starred with roses white,
And low-toned singers,
Up and down the street,
Breathe only roses,
Fallen at their feet.

L. D'O. WALTERS

MY GARDEN

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
  Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
  The veriest school
  Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
  Nay, but I have a sign;
  'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THOMAS E. BROWN.

THE BEANFIELD

A BEANFIELD full in blossom smells as sweet
As Araby, or groves of orange flowers;
Black-eyed and white, and feathered to one's feet,
How sweet they smell in morning's dewy hours!
When seething night is left upon the flowers,
And when morn's sun shines brightly o'er the field,
The bean bloom glitters in the gems of showers,
And sweet the fragrance which the union yields
To battered footpaths crossing o'er the fields.

JOHN CLARE.

DABBLING IN THE DEW

Oh, where are you going to, my pretty little dear,
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal-black hair?
I'm going a-milking, kind sir, she answered me:
And it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

Suppose I were to clothe you, my pretty little dear,
In a green silken gown and the amethyst rare?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

Suppose I were to carry you, my pretty little dear,
In a chariot with horses, a grey gallant pair?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

Suppose I were to feast you, my pretty little dear,
With dainties on silver, the whole of the year?
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

O but London's a city, my pretty little dear,
And all men are gallant and brave that are there.
O no, sir, O no, sir, kind sir, she answered me,
For it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair.

O fine clothes and dainties and carriages so rare
Bring grey to the cheeks and silver to the hair;
What's a ring on the finger if rings are round the eye?
But it's dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair!

Anonymous.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST

SYLVANUS, *a Courtier*

HAIL, Phyllis, brighter than a morning sky,
Joy of my heart, and darling of my eye;
See the kind year her grateful tribute yields,
And round-fac'd plenty triumphs o'er the fields.
But to yon gardens let me lead thy charms,
Where the curl'd vine extends her willing arms;
Where purple clusters lure the longing eye,
And the ripe cherries show their scarlet dye.

PHYLLIS, *a Country Maid*

Not all the sights your boasted gardens yield
Are half so lovely as my father's field,
Where large increase has bless'd the fruitful plain,
And we with joy behold the swelling grain,
Whose heavy ears toward the earth reclin'd
Wave, nod, and tremble to the whisking wind.

SYLVANUS

Fair are my gardens, yet you slight them all;
Then let us haste to yon majestic hall,
Where the glad roofs shall to thy voice resound,
Thy voice more sweet than music's melting sound:
There choice perfumes shall give a pleasing gale,
And orange-flowers their od'rous breath exhale,

While on the wall the well-wrought paintings glow,
And dazzling carpets deck the floors below:
O tell me, thou whose careless beauties charm,
Are these not fairer than a thresher's barn?

PHYLLIS

Believe me, I can find no charms at all
In your fine carpets and your painted hall.
'Tis true our parlour has an earthen floor,
The sides of plaster and of elm the door:
Yet the rubbed chest and table sweetly shines,
And the spread mint along the window climbs:
An aged laurel keeps away the sun,
And two cool streams across the garden run.

SYLVANUS

Can feasts or music win my lovely maid?
In both those pleasures be her taste obey'd.
The ransacked earth shall all its dainties send
Till with its load her plenteous table bend.

PHYLLIS

Not this will lure me, for I'd have you know
This night to feast with Corydon I go:
To-night his reapers bring the gathered grain
Home to his barns, and leave the naked plain.
Then beef and coleworts, beans and bacon too,
And the plum-pudding of delicious hue,
Sweet-spicèd cake, and apple-pies good store,
Deck the brown board; who can wish for more?
Then strive no more to win a simple maid

From her lov'd cottage and her silent shade.
Let Phyllis ne'er, ah! never let her rove
From her first virtue and her humble grove.
Go seek some nymph that equals your degree,
And leave content and Corydon for me.

MARY LEAPOR.

TO LUCASTA
ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True: a new Mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

MY LUVE'S IN GERMANY

MY Luve's in Germany;
Send him hame, send him hame;
My Luve's in Germany,
Send him hame.

My Luve's in Germany,
Fighting for Royalty;
He may ne'er his Jeanie see;
  Send him hame, send him hame;
He may ne'er his Jeanie see,
  Send him hame.

He's brave as brave can be,
  Send him hame, send him hame;
He's brave as brave can be,
  Send him hame.
He's brave as brave can be,
He would rather fa' than flee;
But his life is dear to me,
  Send him hame, send him hame;
Oh! his life is dear to me,
  Send him hame.

Our faes are ten to three,
  Send him hame, send him hame;
Our faes are ten to three,
  Send him hame.
Our faes are ten to three,
He maun either fa' or flee,
In the cause o' Loyalty;
  Send him hame, send him hame;
In the cause o' Loyalty,
  Send him hame.

Your Luve ne'er learnt to flee,
  Bonnie Dame, winsome Dame;
Your Luve ne'er learnt to flee,
  Winsome Dame.
Your Luve ne'er learnt to flee,

But he fell in Germany,
Fighting brave for Loyalty,
Mournfu' Dame, bonnie Dame;
Fighting brave for Loyalty,
Mournfu' Dame!

He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
Willie's gane!
He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
To his Luve and ain Countrie—
This warld's nae mair for me,
Willie's gane, Willie's gane!
This warld's nae mair for me,
Willie's slain!

Anonymous.

O LADY, THY LOVER IS DEAD

"O LADY, thy lover is dead," they cried;
"He is dead, but hath slain the foe;
He hath left his name to be magnified
In a song of wonder and woe."

"Alas! I am well repaid," said she,
"With a pain that stings like joy;
For I feared, from his tenderness to me,
That he was but a feeble boy.

"Now I shall hold my head on high,
The queen among my kind,
If ye hear a sound, 'tis only a sigh
For a glory left behind."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SISTER

THITHER, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WAR, THE DESTROYER

WAR is the mistress of enormity,
Mother of mischief, monster of deformity;
Laws, manners, arts she breaks, she mars, she chases;
Blood, tears, bowers, towers, she spills, smites, burns and razes.
Her brazen teeth shake all the earth asunder:
Her mouth a firebrand, and her voice a thunder;
Her looks are lightning, every glance a flash,
Her fingers guns that all to powder smash;
Fear and despair, flight and disorder, post
With hasty march before her murderous host;
As burning, waste, rape, wrong, impiety,
Rage, ruin, discord, horror, cruelty,
Sack, sacrilege, impunity and pride
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side;
And poverty, sorrow, and desolation
Follow her armies' bloody transmigration.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

POWER

But vain the sword and vain the bow,
They never can work War's overthrow.
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear.

For the tear is an intellectual thing,
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king,
And the bitter groan of the martyr's woe
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

William Blake.

THE BALLAFLETCHER CUP
(A Manx Legend)

When Magnus brought the magic cup
From Norway o'er the sea,
He said, " Where shall I find a place
Where this may safely be?
For who shall break this crystal cup
From strife shall have no rest;
But who shall keep this crystal cup
With peace he shall be blest.
So rare a thing, so fair a thing
Is peace for ever blest.

" The northern farms stand square and strong,
Begirt with golden corn;
But Scottish kerns come raiding o'er
And vanish with the morn.
Old Inis Patrick holds her own
Above the stormy waves,
But she might lose the lovely thing
Among her winding caves.
Too rare a thing, too fair a thing
To hide in gloomy caves.

" In Castle Rushen's banquet hall
A place might sure be found;
But some great shout with shattering note
Would dash it to the ground.
From Point of Ayre to Scarlett Rocks,
From Scarlett round to Bride,
Where shall I find a place of peace
In all the country wide? "

A little child came running by
And whispered in his ear:—
" Trust not the cup to mortal hands,
Though they should hold it dear.
But search among those ancient trees
On Ballafletcher lea,
You there shall find a place of peace
Where dwells the Lhiannian Shee.[1]
So rare a thing, so fair a thing
Leave with the Lhiannian Shee."

The little child ran on before,
And Magnus followed swift:
He found the place of ancient peace
Where he might leave his gift.
" I leave the cup with you," he cried,
" O mystic fairy sprite!
With magic spell, O guard it well
And watch it day and night.
So rare a thing, so fair a thing
To guard by day and night."

[1] Lhiannian Shee. The Peace Fairy.

And now where stand those churches twain
On Ballafletcher strand,
May peace and plenty still be found
Through all the pleasant land.
Though storms may ravage overhead,
And clash their pealing bells;
Yet men may walk in peace below
If peace within them dwells.
So rare a thing, so fair a thing
Is Peace where'er she dwells.

"CUSHAG."

PEACE

MIDNIGHT was come, when every vital thing
With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest:
The beasts were still, the little birds that sing
Now sweetly slept beside their mother's breast;
The old and all were shrouded in their nest:
The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,
The woods, and fields, and all things held their peace.

The golden stars were whirled amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When each thing, nestled in his resting place,
Forgat day's pain with pleasure of the night:
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,
The partridge dreamed not of the falcon's foot.

The ugly bear now minded not the stake,
Nor how the cruel mastives do him tear;
The stag lay still unrousèd from the brake,
The foamy boar feared not the hunter's spear:
All things were still, in desert, bush, and brere:
With quiet heart, now from their travails ceased,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

O FOR A BOOKE

O FOR a Booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhede,
Or the Streete cryes all about.
Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
Both of the Newe and Olde;
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than Golde.

Anonymous.

IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding;
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell;
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his watery cell,
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding:
The sea-nymphs chaunt their accents shrill,
And the Syrens taught to kill
With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
The praise of Neptune's empery.

THOMAS CAMPION.

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS

WE be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas;
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While others live at ease.
Shall we go dance the round, around?
Shall we go dance the round?
And he that is a bully-boy
Come, pledge me on this ground!

We care not for those martial men
That do our states disdain;
But we care for those merchant men
That do our states maintain:
To them we dance this round, around,
To them we dance this round;
And he that is a bully-boy
Come, pledge me on this ground!

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT.

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

THE grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart,
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind,
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal,
But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll.
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

Lord Byron.

THE SLEEPING SEA

The Sea
Was even as a little child that sleeps
And keeps
All night its great unconsciousness of day.
No spray
Flashed when the wave rose, drooped, and slowly drew away.

No sound
From all the slumbering, full-bosomed water came;
The Sea
Lay mute in childlike sleep, the moon was as a
candle-flame.
No sound
Save when a faint and mothlike air fluttered around.
No sound
But as a child that dreams, and in his full sleep cries,
So turned the sleeping Sea and heaved her bosom of
slow sighs.

JOHN FREEMAN.

BY THE SEA

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea;
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine;

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And tries to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

LORD BYRON.

died of fever

HIGH TIDE

THE quare conthraptions there would be at times
When I was goin' a-wakin' in the night.
I'd see a shadder slippin' down the stairs
Behind a drowsy blink of candle-light.

Scritch-scratch among the cinders in the grate,
An' then, the light come leapin' through the floor
All bars and dazzlin' lines across the room
Between the booards and where the rug was tore.

An' then a sudden scutch of salty air,
An' footsteps stoppin' at the door below,
While all the house was rockin' with the noise
Of waves an' shingle teerin' to an' fro.

"Aw' well! so long!" I'd hear my father say,
An' then, "So long," goin' callin' by the crew,
An' then—it's like my mother'd give a sigh,
But I was fast asleep before I knew.

An' still I'm wakin' when the tide is high,
An' still the breeze comes through the clappin' door.
I hear "So long" goin' echoin' down the street,
The waves an' shingle teerin' on the shore.

An' for I'm oul', an' wore, an' full of years,
My sleep once broke will not come back to me.
But all the wakin' hours are not too long
To pray for them that's out upon the sea.

"CUSHAG."

HOLY THURSDAY

'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
The children walking two and two, in red and blue and green,
Grey-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow.

O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town!
Seated in companies, they sit with radiance all their own.
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to Heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of Heaven among.
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor;
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

I'LL sing you a good old song,
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman,
Who had an old estate;
And who kept up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate;
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,
He open'd house to all;
And though three score and ten his years,
He fleetly led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer
E'er driven from his hall;
For, while he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small,
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

But time, tho' sweet, is strong in flight,
And years roll swiftly by;
And Autumn's falling leaves proclaim'd
The old man—he must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly,
Gave up life's latest sigh;
And mournful stillness reign'd around,
And tears bedewed each eye,
For this good old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

Anonymous.

THE DIVINE IMAGE

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In Heathen, Turk and Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

COURTESY

Of Courtesy it is much less
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,
Yet in my Walks it seems to me
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.

On Monks I did in Storrington fall,
They took me straight into their Hall;
I saw Three Pictures on a wall,
And Courtesy was in them all.

The first the Annunciation;
The second the Visitation;
The third the Consolation,
Of God that was Our Lady's Son.

The first was of Saint Gabriel;
On Wings a-flame from Heaven he fell;
And as he went upon one knee
He shone with Heavenly Courtesy.

Our Lady out of Nazareth rode—
It was her month of heavy load;
Yet was Her face both great and kind,
For Courtesy was in Her Mind.

The third, it was our Little Lord,
Whom all the Kings in arms adored;
He was so small you could not see
His large intent of Courtesy.

Our Lord, that was Our Lady's Son,
Go bless you, People, one by one;
My Rhyme is written, my work is done.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

I SING of a Maiden
That is makeless,[1]
King of all Kings
To her son she ches.[2]

He came all so still
Where his Mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came all so still
To his Mother's bower,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.

He came all so still
Where his Mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and Maiden
Was never none but she:
Well may such a Lady
God's Mother be.

Anonymous.

[1] Matchless. [2] Chose.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

The holly and the ivy
Now both are full-well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.
O the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merrie organ,
Sweet singing in the quire.
Sweet singing in the quire.

The holly bears a blossom
As white as lily-flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour.

The holly bears a berrie
As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn.

The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

The holly and the ivy
Now both are full-well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown.
O the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merrie organ,
Sweet singing in the quire.
Sweet singing in the quire.

Anonymous.

JOLY WAT

Can I not sing but "Hoy,"
When the joly shepard made so much joy?

THE shepard upon a hill he sat;
He had on him his tabard and his hat,
His tar-box, his pipe, and his flagat;
His name was callèd Joly Joly Wat,
For he was a gud herdès boy.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard upon a hill was laid;
His dog unto his girdell was taid;
He had not slept but a little braid
But "*Gloria in excelsis*" to him was said.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard on a hill he stode;
Round about him his shepe they yode;
He put his hond under his hode,
He saw a star as rede as blode.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard said anon right,
" I will go see yon ferly sight,
Whereas an angel singeth on hight,
And the star that shineth so bright."
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

" Now farewell, Mall, and also Will!
For my love go ye all still
Unto I cum again you till,
And evermore, Will, ring well thy bell."
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

" Now must I go there Crist was born;
Farewèll! I cum again to-morn.
Dog, kepe well my shepe fro the corn,
And warn well ' Warroke ' when I blow my horn! "
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

When Wat to Bedlem cumen was,
He swet, he had gone faster than a pace;
He found Jesu in a simpell place,
Between an ox but and an asse.
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

' Jesu, I offer to thee here my pipe,
My skirt, my tar-box, and my scrip;
Home to my felowes now will I skip,
And also look unto my shepe."
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

" Now farewell, mine owne herdesman Wat! "
" Yea, for God, lady, even so I hat;
Lull well Jesu in thy lap,
And farewell, Joseph, with thy round cap! "
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

" Now may I well both hope and sing,
For I have bene at Cristes bering;
Home to my felowes now will I fling.
Crist of Heaven to his bliss us bring! "
Ut hoy!
For in his pipe he made so much joy.

Anonymous.

THE SHEPHERDS' SONG

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright Dawn of our eternal day;
We saw Thine eyes break from the east,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee, and we blessed the sight;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry Stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow—
A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
And let the mighty Babe alone;
The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest,
Love's architecture is his own.

The Babe, whose birth embraves this morn,
Made His own bed ere He was born.

Yet, when young April's husband-showers
  Shall bless the faithful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers
  To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head:
To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds, while they feed their sheep.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis one day
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,—
A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.
Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry;
And looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman with grey hair aflow,
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,—
My beautiful brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What I can
I give," Tritemius said: "my prayers."—"O man
Of God," she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold.

Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."
" Woman! " Tritemius answered, " from our door
None go unfed; hence we are always poor;
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers; what can we give thee more? "

" Give me," she said, " the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;
God well may spare them on His errand sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then spake Tritemius, " Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled!)
Take what thou askest and redeem thy child."
But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder to behold
Upon the altar, candlesticks of gold!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

UNKINDNESS

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:
In friendship, first I think if that agree
Which I intend
Unto my friend's intent and end;
I would not use a friend as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame;
I could not use a friend as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor;
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;
But let the poor,
And Thee within them, starve at door;
I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free;
But when Thy grace
Sues for my heart, I Thee displace;
Nor would I use a friend as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what Thou hast done fulfil?
O, write in brass, " My God upon a tree
His blood did spill,
Only to purchase my good-will ";
Yet use I not my foes as I use Thee.

GEORGE HERBERT.

PREPARATIONS

YET if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, " I'll be your guest to-morrow night ";
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! " Let no man idle stand!

" Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

" Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place."

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

Anonymous.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries

To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

NATURE'S GIFT

NATURE denied him much,
But gave him at his birth what most he values:
A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And, what transcends them all, a noble action.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE SINGERS

GOD sent His Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A grey old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three,
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE QUIP

THE merry World did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together, where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose,
Which when I plucked not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"—
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
" What tune is this, poor man? " said he:
" I heard in Music you had skill."
  But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
  In silks that whistle—who but he?
He scarce allowed me half an eye—
  But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
  And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration—
  But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design
  To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large, say I am Thine,
  And then they have their answer home.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A TRIO

I AND the Bird,
  And the Wind together,
Sang a supplication
  In the wintry weather.

The Bird sang for sunshine,
  And trees of winter fruit,
And love in the spring-time,
  When the thickets shoot.

And I sang for patience
When the tear-drops start.
Clean hands and clear eyes,
And a faithful heart.

And the Wind thereunder,
As we faintly cried,
Breathed a bass of wonder,
Blowing deep and wide.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide:
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state

Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

LIFE AND LOVE

Let my voice ring out and over the earth,
Through all the grief and strife,
With a golden joy in a silver mirth:
Thank God for Life.

Let my voice swell out through the great abyss,
To the azure dome above,
With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss;
Thank God for Love.

Let my voice thrill out beneath and above,
The whole world through:
O my Love and Life, O my Life and Love,
Thank God for you!

James Thomson (B.V.).

TEWKESBURY ROAD

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky,

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the foxgloves purple and white;

Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a troop to drink
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words;
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple with mirth
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild cry of the birds.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hardwood-trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway, cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down.

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood—
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;

A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,
And a jug of cider on the board;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of His will for law.

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream.

The racy smell of the forest loam
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From the stormy tumult to starry peace;

With only another league to wend;
And two brown arms at the journey's end!

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

BLISS CARMAN.

WANDER-THIRST

BEYOND the East the Sunrise; beyond the West the sea;
And East and West the Wander-Thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness to bid me say good-bye,
For the seas call, and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the rivers call, and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun, and the white road and the sky.

GERALD GOULD.

THE VAGABOND

GIVE to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.

White as meal the frosty field—
  Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
  Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
  Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
  And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
  Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
  And the road below me.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CORRYMEELA

OVER here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
  An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
  Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There' a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the
    heavy trees,
  This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o'
    the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin'
    through the heat
  Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
  There' not the smallest young gossoon but thravels
    in his shoes!

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said: the girl she thought me wild.
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an' English town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains,
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed, and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house or bush,
And tired I am of bog and road
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

PADRAIC COLUM.

THE WATER LADY

Alas, the moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

I stayed awhile, to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

I stayed a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore in place of red
The bloom of water, tender blue,
Daintily spread.

I stayed to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

And still I stayed a little more,
Alas! she never comes again;
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,
I know that I must vainly pine,
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine!

Thomas Hood.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

" O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

" O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

" I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too."

" I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

" I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

" I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend and sing
A faery's song.

" She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
' I love thee true.'

" She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore;
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

" And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

" I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—' La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall! '

" I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

" And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing."

JOHN KEATS.

THE CRYSTAL CABINET

THE Maiden caught me in the wild,
Where I was dancing merrily;
She put me into her Cabinet,
And locked me up with a golden key.

This Cabinet is formed of Gold
And Pearl and Crystal shining bright,
And within it opens into a World
And a little lovely Moony Night.

Another England there I saw,
Another London with its Tower,
Another Thames and other Hills,
And another pleasant Surrey Bower.

Another Maiden like herself,
Translucent, lovely, shining clear,
Threefold each in the other closed—
O, what a pleasant trembling fear.

O, what a smile, a Threefold Smile
Filled me, that like a flame I burned;
I bent to kiss the lovely Maid,
And found a Threefold Kiss returned.

I strove to seize the inmost form
With ardour fierce and hands of flame,
But burst the Crystal Cabinet,
And like a Weeping Babe became.

A Weeping Babe upon the wild,
And Weeping Woman pale reclined,
And in the outward air again
I filled with woes the passing wind.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

A BALLAD OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

THERE dwelt at the court of a good king
A giant huge and black,
He could take up Gedney Church
And carry it on his back;
A giant fierce and grim as he
No king had in his giantry.

This paynim wight was dull of wit,
But he held fast one thing,
That the strongest man in all the world
Should serve the strongest king;
A purpose firm he had in mind,
The mightiest king on earth to find.

A minstrel sang a song of the Devil,
The giant gasped to see
That the king made at the Devil's name
A sign with fingers three.
"Ho! ho!" said the giant, "I stay not here
To serve a king who goes in fear."

The giant found the great black Devil,
And did him homage true,
To be his faithful bondservant,
His bidding aye to do;
With his new master night and morn
He fired farmsteads and trampled corn.

They went on a lonely road one day,
Plotting great harm and loss;
"I must turn back," the Devil said sudden,
"For here I see a Cross."
"Ho! ho!" said the giant, "is here the sign
Of a king whose power is more than thine?"

" Gallows of God! " the Devil said,
And white with rage went he,
" He took the gallows for Himself,
That, sure, belonged to me;
He took the gallows, He took the thief,
He stole my harvest sheaf by sheaf.

" He broke my gates, He harried my realm,
He freed my prisoned folk,
He crowned His Mother for Eve discrowned,
My kingdom went like smoke;
Where'er I go by night or day
That sign has power to bar my way.

" Great is my might, but against the clan
Of this King I have no charm;
If they touch water, if they touch wood,
I cannot work them harm;
I go a wanderer without rest
Where fingers three touch brow and breast! "

" God keep thee, Devil," the giant said,
" Thy riddle I cannot read,
But from thy company here and now
I must depart with speed;
I hold thee but as a beaten knave,
To find that mightiest King I crave."

The giant came to an old, old man
That worked among his bees,
He gathered wax for the altar lights
In white beneath green trees;
The sun shone through him, and he, too, shone,
For he was the Blessèd Apostle John.

He asked the old man of that king,
Whose bondslave he would be:
" Thro' wood," said St. John, " there is healing
in water,
His servants all are free."
He christened him, and straightway then
Told of the tasks of christened men.

" Some wear the stone with their bent knees,
Some holy pictures limn,
Some bear the news of Christ to lands
That have not heard of Him."
The giant said, " If I had the will
For this, I have no wit nor skill."

" To ford," St. John said, " yonder river,
Poor wayfarers essay,
And by the great swiftness of the stream
Many are swept away;
Who carries them over will do a thing
To pleasure greatly the Strong King."

The giant came to that wild water,
And on its brink did dwell,
He saved the lives of wayfarers
More than a man may tell;
And there it chanced one midnight wild
He heard the cry of a little child.

The child held a globe in his hand,
He begged to cross that night;
The giant set him on his shoulder
As a burden sweet and light;
Into the stream with a careless laugh
He stepped with a palm tree for a staff.

But the child grew heavier and his globe
Until they weighed like lead,
" Deus meus et omnia,
What child is this? " he said;
It seemed as the waves swelled and whirled
He felt the weight of all the world.

Sure, all the churches upon earth
He bore with tottering feet,
Rouen, Amiens, Bourges and Chartres,
Long Sutton, Gedney, Fleet;
So sweet, so terrible the load,
It was as though he carried God.

The bells of all those churches rang
When they had gained the shore,
He saw no child, but a great King
Of might unguessed before;
The King on Whom the world is stayed,
That is the Son of the pure Maid.

" I thank thee, Christopher, that thou
So well hast kept My rule;
Thou hast borne Me with Heaven My throne
And the earth My footstool."
He felt strange joy within him stir
As the King called him " Christopher."

On fair-days and on market-days,
Where men to fiddles sing,
They tell of the strongest man on earth
Who served the mightiest King.
For that great King he served so well,
He loves the song and the fiddél.

RICHARD LAWSON GALES.

ST. FRANCIS TO THE BIRDS

Little sisters, the birds:
  We must praise God, you and I—
  You, with songs that fill the sky.
I, with halting words.

All things tell His praise,
  Woods and waters thereof sing,
  Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
And the night and days.

Yea, and cold and heat,
  And the sun and stars and moon,
  Sea with her monotonous tune,
Rain and hail and sleet,

And the winds of heaven,
  And the solemn hills of blue,
  And the brown earth and the dew,
And the thunder even,

And the flowers' sweet breath.
  All things make one glorious voice;
  Life with fleeting pains and joys,
And our brother, Death.

Little flowers of air,
  With your feathers soft and sleek,
  And your bright brown eyes and meek
He hath made you fair.

He hath taught to you
  Skill to weave in tree and thatch
  Nests where happy mothers hatch
Speckled eggs of blue.

And hath children given:
  When the soft heads overbrim
  The brown nests, then thank ye Him
In the clouds of heaven.

Also in your lives
  Live His laws Who loveth you.
  Husbands, be ye kind and true;
Be home-keeping, wives—

Love not gossiping;
  Stay at home and keep the nest;
  Fly not here and there in quest
Of the newest thing.

Live as brethren live:
  Love be in each heart and mouth;
  Be not envious, be not wroth,
Be not slow to give.

When ye build the nest,
  Quarrel not o'er straw or wool;
  He who hath, be bountiful
To the neediest.

Be not puffed nor vain
  Of your beauty or your worth,
  Of your children or your birth,
Or the praise you gain.

Eat not greedily:
  Sometimes for sweet mercy's sake
  Worm or insect spare to take;
Let it crawl or fly.

See ye sing not near
To our church on holy day,
Lest the human-folk should stray
From their prayers to hear.

Now depart in peace:
In God's name I bless each one;
May your days be long i' the sun
And your joys increase.

And remember me,
Your poor brother Francis, who
Loves you, and gives thanks to you
For this courtesy.

Sometimes when ye sing,
Name my name, that He may take
Pity for the dear song's sake
On my shortcoming.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

SYLVIA

WHO is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
  That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BEAUTY

I HAVE seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain:
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,
And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me,
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

HAVE YOU SEEN BUT A WHITE LILY GROW

HAVE you seen but a white lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool o' the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt of the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

BEN JONSON.

THE LADY OF THE LAMBS

SHE walks, the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts; she keeps them white,
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks, the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap;
She is so circumspect and right—
She has her soul to keep.
She walks, the lady of my delight,
A shepherdess of sheep.

ALICE MEYNELL.

MY LOVE

Not as all other women are
  Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
  And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
  Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
  Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
  Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
  That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
  Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
  Is low esteemèd in her eyes.

She is most fair, and thereunto
  Her life doth rightly harmonise;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
  Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman; one in whom
  The springtime of her childish years

Hath never lost its sweet perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

SAMELA

LIKE to Diana in her summer-weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela;

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa Fount they lie,
Is fair Samela;

As fair Aurora in her morning-grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;

Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela;

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;

Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield forth gleams,
Her brows bright arches framed of ebony:
Thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela;

Pallas in wit: all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

ROBERT GREENE.

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

A LITTLE TE DEUM

For those first tiny, prayerful-folded hands
That pierce the winter's crust, and softly bring
Life out of death, the endless mystery;—
For all the first sweet flushings of the Spring;
The greening earth, the tender heavenly blue;
The rich brown furrows gaping for the seed;
For all Thy grace in bursting bud and leaf,—
The bridal sweetness of the orchard trees,
Rose-tender in their coming fruitfulness;
The fragrant snow-drifts flung upon the breeze;
The grace and glory of the fruitless flowers,
Ambrosial beauty their reward and ours;
For hedgerows sweet with hawthorn and wildrose;
For meadows spread with gold and gemmed with stars;
For every tint of every tiniest flower;
For every daisy smiling to the sun;
For every bird that builds in joyous hope;
For every lamb that frisks beside its dam;
For every leaf that rustles in the wind;
For spiring poplar, and for spreading oak;
For queenly birch, and lofty swaying elm;
For the great cedar's benedictory grace;
For earth's ten thousand fragrant incenses,—
Sweet altar-gifts from leaf and fruit and flower;
For every wondrous thing that greens and grows;
For widespread cornlands,—billowing golden seas;
For rippling stream, and white-laced waterfall;
For purpling mountains; lakes like silver shields;
For white-piled clouds that float against the blue;
For tender green of far-off upland slopes;
For fringing forests and far gleaming spires;

For those white peaks, serene and grand and still;
For that deep sea—a shallow to Thy love;
For round green hills, earth's full benignant breasts;
For sun-chased shadows flitting o'er the plain;
For gleam and gloom; for all life's counterchange;
For hope that quickens under darkening skies;
For all we see; for all that underlies,—
We thank Thee, Lord!

JOHN OXENHAM.

THE MIRACLE

COME, sweetheart, listen, for I have a thing
Most wonderful to tell you—news of Spring.

Albeit winter still is in the air,
And the earth troubled, and the branches bare,

Yet down the fields to-day I saw her pass—
The Spring—her feet went shining through the grass.

She touched the ragged hedgerows—I have seen
Her finger-prints, most delicately green;

And she has whispered to the crocus leaves,
And to the garrulous sparrows in the eaves.

Swiftly she passed and shyly, and her fair
Young face was hidden in her cloudy hair.

She would not stay, her season is not yet,
But she has re-awakened, and has set

The sap of all the world astir, and rent
Once more the shadows of our discontent.

Triumphant news—a miracle I sing—
The everlasting miracle of Spring.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

TO THE COMING SPRING

O PUNCTUAL Spring!
We had forgotten in this winter town
The days of Summer and the long, long eves.
But now you come on airy wing,
With busy fingers spilling baby-leaves
On all the bushes, and a faint green down
On ancient trees, and everywhere
Your warm breath soft with kisses
Stirs the wintry air,
And waking us to unimagined blisses.
Your lightest footprints in the grass
Are marked by painted crocus-flowers
And heavy-headed daffodils,
While little trees blush faintly as you pass.
The morning and the night
You bathe with heavenly showers,
And scatter scentless violets on the rounded hills,
Drop beneath leafless woods pale primrose posies.
With magic key, in the new evening light,
You are unlocking buds that keep the roses;
The purple lilac soon will blow above the wall
And bended boughs in orchards whitely bloom—
We had forgotten in the Winter's gloom . . .
Soon we shall hear the cuckoo call!

MARGARET MACKENZIE.

O LADY, LEAVE THY SILKEN THREAD

O LADY, leave thy silken thread
  And flowery tapestrie:
There're living roses on the bush,
  And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
  Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
  The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
  When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
  The air is all perfume;
There're crimson buds, and white, and blue—
  The very rainbow showers
Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
  And sown the earth with flowers.

There're fairy tulips in the east,
  The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues
  And blossom as they run:
While Morn opes like a crimson rose,
  Still wet with pearly showers;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
  Thou twinest into flowers.

THOMAS HOOD.

REINFORCEMENTS

When little boys with merry noise
In the meadows shout and run,
And little girls, sweet woman buds,
Brightly open in the sun;—
I may not of the World despair,
Whose God despaireth not, I see,
For blithesomer in Eden's air
These lads and maidens could not be.

Why were they born, if Hope must die?
Wherefore this health, if Truth should fail?
And why such Joy, if Misery
Be conquering us and must prevail?
Arouse! Our spirit shall not droop:
These young ones fresh from Heaven are;
Our God hath sent another troop
And means to carry on the war.

T. Toke Lynch.

THE SALUTATION

These little limbs,
These eyes and hands which here I find,
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
Where have ye been? Behind
What curtain were ye from me hid so long?
Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

When silent I
So many thousand, thousand years
Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
How could I smiles or tears,
Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
Welcome, ye treasures which I now receive!

I, that so long
Was nothing from eternity,
Did little think such joys as ear or tongue
To celebrate or see:
Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet,
Beneath the skies on such a ground to meet.

New burnisht joys!
Which yellow gold and pearl excel!
Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
In which a soul doth dwell;
Their organised joints and azure veins
More wealth include than all the world contains.

From dust I rise,
And out of nothing now awake;
These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,
A gift from God I take.
The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the skies,
The sun and stars are mine; if those I prize.

A stranger here
Strange things doth meet, strange glories see;
Strange treasures lodg'd in this fair world appear,
Strange all, and new to me;
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
This strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

THOMAS TRAHERNE.

PRAYERS

God who created me
  Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
  To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
  But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
  Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
  Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword,
  Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might;
  And conquer if I can,
From day-dawn till night,
  Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,
  Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
  Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay;
  From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray,
  Take my spirit to Thee.

Henry Charles Beeching.

A LETTER

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my First Epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double duty, say your prayer:
Our Father first, then *Notre Père.*

And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love and angels aid ye.

If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

A PIPER

A PIPER in the streets to-day
Set up, and tuned, and started to play,
And away, away, away on the tide
Of his music we started; on every side
Doors and windows were opened wide,
And men left down their work and came,
And women with petticoats coloured like flame.
And little bare feet that were blue with cold,
Went dancing back to the age of gold,
And all the world went gay, went gay
For half an hour in the street to-day.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

SONG FROM A MASQUE

"Tell me, gentle hour of night,
Wherein dost thou most delight?"
"Not in sleep."
"Wherein then?"
"In the frolic view of men."
"Lovest thou music?"
"O 'tis sweet!"
"What's dancing?"
"Ev'n the mirth of feet."

THOMAS CAMPION.

MIRTH

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease;
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or lingeringly his lungs consumes;
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

A MADRIGAL

CRABBED age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O! my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee—
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE GREY MOTHER

Lo, how they come to me,
  Long through the night I call them,—
Ah, how they turn to me.

East and South my children scatter,
North and West the world they wander,

Yet they come back to me,
  Come, with their brave hearts beating,
Longing to die for me.

Me, the grey, old, weary mother,
Throned amid the northern waters,

Where they have died for me,
  Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me.

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean,

Yet they leave all for me,
  Hearing their mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me.

Up from South Seas swiftly sailing,
Out from under stars I know not,

Come they to fight for me,
  Sons of the sons I nurtured;
God keep them safe for me!

Long ago their fathers saved me,
Died for me among the heather,

Now they come back to me,
  Come, in their children's children—
Brave of the brave for me.

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts,

Rise they from graves for me,
  Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me. . . .

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish,

Strewing the hills for me,
  Claiming the world in dying,
Bought with their blood for me.

Hear the grey, old, northern mother,
Blessing now her dying children,—

God keep you safe for me,
  Christ watch you in your sleeping,
Where ye have died for me.

And when God's own slogan soundeth,
All the dead world's dust awaking,

Ah, will ye look for me?
  Bravely we'll stand together—
I and my sons with me.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT.

A PETITION

ALL that a man might ask, thou hast given me,
    England,
  Birthright and happy childhood's long heart's-
    ease,
And love whose range is deep beyond all sounding
  And wider than all seas.

A heart to front the world and find God in it,
Eyes blind enow, but not too blind to see
The lovely things behind the dross and darkness,
And lovelier things to be.

And friends whose loyalty time nor death shall weaken,
And quenchless hope and laughter's golden store;
All that a man might ask thou hast given me, England,
Yet grant thou one thing more:

That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,
Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,
England, for thee to die.

ROBERT E. VERNÈDE.

THE SOLDIER

IF I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day,
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE.

THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again,
And we have come into our heritage.

Rupert Brooke.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps:
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps:
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of
steel:
As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My
grace shall deal:
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with
his heel!
Since God is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judg-
ment seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the
sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free!
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

FREEDOM

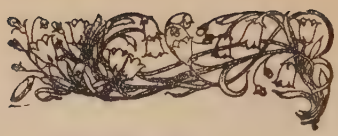
MEN! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If we do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JAMES R. LOWELL.



THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

FRITHIOF is risen,
The Prophet of Love;
Earth laughs beneath us
And Heaven above.

Green lie the valleys,
No more to be red,
Love shall be living
And War shall be dead.

Death shall be sated,
Destruction be gorged,
Hell shall recover
The cannons she forged.

Rulers of iron
To splinters are hurled.
Laugh, O ye mothers,
Your babes rule the world.

Deaf men shall hear it,
Shall see it the blind.
Hail to all peoples
And peace to mankind!

Frithiof is risen,
The Prophet of Love;
Earth laughs beneath us
And Heaven above.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven.

. . . . . .

So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

IRISH LULLABY

OH, to and fro on my bosom of love,
Like a bird on the bough of the white hazel
swinging;
While a husho falls from the skies above,
And a lul-la-lo are the fairies singing.
Sleep, Sthoreen bawn, sleep on till dawn;
Peace to my heart your sweet breath bringing.

Oh, weeshie handies and mouth of the rose!
My share of the world in his warm nest lying;
While a husho falls as the blue eyes close,
And a lul-la-lo on the night wind dying.
Sleep, flower of love; sleep, cooing dove;
Softly above my heart's glad sighing.

Alanna machree, cling closer to me,
Now the daylight has flown and the pale stars
are peeping;
While a husho falls o'er the land and the sea,
And a lul-la-lo from the far hills creeping.
Sleep, Sthoreen bawn, sleep on till dawn,
Angels their watch above you keeping.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

KING BABY

KING BABY on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!
King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

His throne is Mother's knee,
So tender O, so tender O!
His throne is Mother's knee
Where none may sit but he.

His crown it is of gold,
So curly O, so curly O!
His crown it is of gold,
In shining tendrils rolled.

His kingdom is my heart,
So loyal O, so loyal O!
His kingdom is my heart,
His own in every part.

Divine are all his laws,
So simple O, so simple O!
Divine are all his laws,
With love for end and cause.

King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning O, sits reigning O!
King Baby on his throne
Sits reigning all alone.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN

I AM as light as any roe
To praise women where that I go.

To onpraise women it were a shame,
For a woman was thy dame.
Our blessèd Lady beareth the name
Of all women where that they go.

A woman is a worthy thing;
They do thee wash and do thee wring;
"Lullay, lullay!" she doth thee sing;
And yet she hath but care and woe. . . .

Anonymous.

LULLY, LULLA

Lully, lulla, thw littell tine child;
By by, lully, lullay, thw littell tine child;
By by, lulla, lullay.

O sisters too! how may we do
For to preserve this day
This pore yongling, for whom we do singe
By by, lully, lullay?

Herod the King, in his raging,
Chargid he hath this day
His men of might, in his owne sight,
All yonge children to slay.

That wo is me, pore child, for thee,
And ever morne and say,
For thi parting nether say nor sing
By by, lully, lullay.

From the *Shearmen and Taylors' Play.*

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!

Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD: A PRESENT BY A CHILD

Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon His bib or stomacher;
And tell Him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clear, straight oaten reed,
To charm His cries at time of need.
Tell Him, for coral, thou hast none,

But if thou hadst, He should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as He.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of His;
Then never take a second one,
To spoil the first impressiön.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE PRAYERS

I WAS in Heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
Unto a place where he
Who was ordained such ministry
Should sort them so that in that palace bright
The presence-chamber might be duly dight;
For they were like to flowers of various bloom;
And a divinest fragrance filled the room.
Then did I see how the great sorter chose
One flower that seemed to me a hedgeling rose,
And from the tangled press
Of that irregular loveliness
Set it apart—and—" This," I heard him say,
" Is for the Master ": so upon his way
He would have passed; then I to him:
" Whence is this rose, O thou of cherubim
The chiefest? "—" Know'st thou not? " he said,
and smiled;
" This is the first prayer of a little child."

THOMAS E. BROWN.

SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
  Of the limitless realms of the air,—
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
  Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
  With his feet on the ladder of light
That, crowded with angels unnumbered
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
  Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
  With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder
  By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
  With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
  To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
  In the fervour and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
  Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
  Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
  Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

ROBERT HERRICK.

TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN

TIME, you old gipsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,

Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing;
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may:
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.
Time, you old gipsy man,
  Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
  Just for one day?

RALPH HODGSON.

'TIS BUT A WEEK

'TIS but a week since down the glen
  The trampling horses came
—Half a hundred fighting men
  With all their spears aflame!
They laughed and clattered as they went,
  And round about their way
The blackbirds sang with one consent
  In the green leaves of May.

Never again shall I see them pass;
They'll come victorious never;
Their spears are withered all as grass,
Their laughter's laid for ever;
And where they clattered as they went,
And where their hearts were gay,
The blackbirds sing with one consent
In the green leaves of May.

GERALD GOULD.

THE CONQUERORS

WHERE are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boasts of story? Where the hot-brained youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim!—
And cramped into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! How altered is thy looks,
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar?

ROBERT BLAIR.

THE KING OF KINGS

The glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armour against fate:
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield:
  They tame but one another still.
    Early or late
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on their brow—
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
  See where the victor-victim bleeds!
    All heads must come
    To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

WHEN I SURVEY THE BRIGHT CELESTIAL SPHERE

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere;
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear:

My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name;

No unregarded star
Contracts its light,
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our human sight;

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour;

That from the farthest north
  Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
  And o'er his new-got conquest sway:

Some nation yet shut in
  With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin
  Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
  Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
  And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
  Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires,
  And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watched since first
  The world had birth;
And found sin in itself accursed,
  And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

GONE IN THE WIND

SOLOMON, where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of noon, like the dreams of the blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man, canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind:
Tho' there be thousand bright actions embalm'd and enshrined;
Myriads and millions of brighter, are snow in the wind.

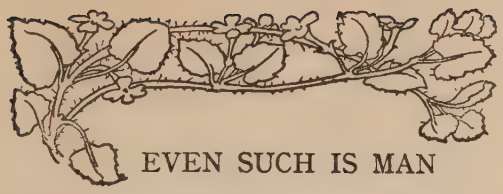
Solomon, where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon, where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or design'd,
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind. . . .

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

MORTALITY, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep beneath this heap of stones!
Here they lie had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands.
Here from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, " In greatness is no trust."
Here is an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in,
Since the first man died for sin.
Here the bones of birth have cried,
" Though gods they were, as men they died."
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings;
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.



EVEN SUCH IS MAN

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are,—
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The Spring entombed in Autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

HENRY KING

TO DIANEME

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which star-like sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

EARTH UPON EARTH

EARTH upon Earth would be a king.
How Earth shall to Earth, he thinkest nothing;
When Earth biddeth Earth his rent home bring
Then shall Earth fro' the Earth have a hard parting,
With Care;
For Earth upon Earth wots never wherefore to fare.

Earth upon Earth wins castles and towers,
Then saith Earth to Earth, all this is ours;
When Earth upon Earth has built all his bowers,
Then shall Earth fro' the Earth suffer May's showers,
And smart.
Man, amend thee betime; thy life is but a start.

Anonymous.

SONG OF THE PENNY

Go bet, penny; go bet, go!
For thou may maken both friend and foe.

Penny is an hardy knight;
Penny is mickle of might;
Penny of wrong he maketh right
  In every country where he go.

Though I have a man i-slaw
And forfeited the king's law;
I shall guiden a man of law,
  Will taken my penny and let me go.

And if I have to do, far or near,
And penny be mine messenger,
Then am I nothing in fear;
  My cause shall be well i-do.

And if I have pence both good and fine,
Men will bidden me to the wine;
"That I have, shall be thine!"
  Truly they will feign so.

And when I have none in my purse,
Penny better, nor penny the worse;
Of me, they holden but little force.
  He was a man, let him go!

Anonymous.

EGYPT'S MIGHT

Egypt's might is tumbled down
  Down a-down the deeps of thought;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
  Venice' pride is nought.

But the dreams their children dreamed
  Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
  These remain.

Mary Coleridge.

YUSSOUF

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
  Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent;
  Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
  Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
  As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
  And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;

My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
  Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
  Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
  Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
  Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
  First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

JAMES R. LOWELL.

AND DID THOSE FEET

AND did those feet in ancient time
  Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
  On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
  Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
  Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee:

Not rudely, as a beast,
To runne into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgerie divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LOVE

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lacked anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear!
I cannot look on Thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord, but I have marred them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE BEST OF LIFE

" LIVE while you live," the Epicure would say,
" And seize the pleasures of the present day."
" Live while you live," the sacred Preacher cries,
" And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

A BROKEN SONG

" *Where am I from ?* " From the green hills of Erin.
" *Have I no song then ?* " My songs are all sung.
" *What o' my love ?* " 'Tis alone I am farin'.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

" *If she was tall ?* " Like a king's own daughter.
" *If she was fair ?* " Like a mornin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the runnin' wather,
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.

" *Where did she dwell ?* " Where one'st I had my dwellin'.
" *Who loved her best ?* " There's no one now will know.
" *Where is she gone ?* " Och, why would I be tellin'!
Where she is gone there I can never go.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

ROUNDELAY

O SING unto my roundelay,
O drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holy-day,
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his locks as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
O he lies by the willow-tree!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briar'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid;
Not one holy Saint to save
All the coldness of a maid!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll gird the briars
Round his holy corse to grow.
Elfin Faery, light your fires;
Here my body still shall bow.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heartè's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in heaven above,
  Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
  In the sepulchre there by the sea—
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR A. POE.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
O that I were where Helen lies,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
  And died to succour me.

O think na but my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair,
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
  On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Day and night on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, " Haste and come to me! "

O Helen fair, O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee I were blest,
Where thou liest low and tak'st thy rest
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

Old Ballad.

LEISURE

WHAT is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

TO MEADOWS

YE have been fresh and green,
  Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
  Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld how they
  With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
  The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round,
Each virgin, like a Spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

O SUMMER SUN

O SUMMER sun, O moving trees!
O cheerful human noise, O busy glittering street!
What hour shall Fate in all the future find,
Or what delights, ever to equal these:
Only to taste the warmth, the light, the wind,
Only to be alive, and feel that life is sweet?

LAURENCE BINYON.

THE COUNTRY FAITH

HERE in the country's heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all!

NORMAN GALE.

THE OLD LOVE

OUT of my door I step into
The country, all her scent and dew,
Nor travel there by a hard road,
Dusty and far from my abode.

The country washes to my door
Green miles on miles in soft uproar,
The thunder of the woods, and then
The backwash of green surf again.

Beyond the feverfew and stocks,
The guelder-rose and hollyhocks;
Outside my trellised porch a tree
Of lilac frames a sky for me.

A stretch of primrose and pale green
To hold the tender Hesper in;
Hesper that by the moon makes pale
Her silver keel and silver sail.

The country silence wraps me quite,
Silence and song and pure delight;
The country beckons all the day
Smiling, and but a step away.

This is that country seen across
How many a league of love and loss,
Prayed for and longed for, and as far
As fountains in the desert are.

This is that country at my door,
Whose fragrant airs run on before,
And call me when the first birds stir
In the green wood to walk with her.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

JACK AND JOAN

Jack and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Do their weekdays' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day:
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen:
Lash out, at a country feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy.
All their pleasure is content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,
And deck her windows with green boughs;
She can wreaths and tuttyes make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jack knows what brings gain or loss;
And his long flail can stoutly toss:
Makes the hedge which others break;
And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights;
Though you scorn the homespun grey,
And revel in your rich array:
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.

Thomas Campion.

HAD I A GOLDEN POUND

HAD I a golden pound to spend,
  My love should mend and sew no more;
And I would buy her a little quern,
  Easy to turn on the kitchen floor.

And for her windows curtains white,
  With birds in flight and flowers in bloom,
To face with pride the road to town
  And mellow down her sunlit room.

And with the silver change we'd prove
  The truth of Love to life's own end,
With hearts the years could but embolden,
  Had I a golden pound to spend.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

DREAM-PEDLARY

IF there were dreams to sell,
  What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
  Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
  What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
  With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
  Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
  This would I buy.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

PAN

SING his praises that doth keep
  Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
  And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
  Thus do we sing!
Thou who keep'st us chaste and free
  As the young spring:
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke!

JOHN FLETCHER.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

ABROAD on a winter's night there ran
Under the starlight, leaping the rills
Swollen with snow-drip from the hills,
  Goat-legged, goat-bearded Pan.

He loved to run on the crisp white floor,
Where black hill-torrents chiselled grooves,
And he loved to print his clean-cut hooves,
  Where none had trod before.

And now he slacked and came to a stand
Beside a river too broad to leap;
And as he panted he heard a sheep
  That bleated near at hand.

" Bell-wether, bell-wether, what do you say?
Peace, and huddle your ewes from cold! "
" Master, but ere we went to fold
  Our herdsman hastened away:

" Over the hill came other twain
And pointed away to Bethlehem,
And spake with him, and he followed them,
  And has not come again.

" He dropped his pipe of the river-reed;
He left his scrip in his haste to go;
And all our grazing is under snow,
  So that we cannot feed."

" Left his sheep on a winter's night? "—
Pan folded them with an angry frown.

" Bell-wether, bell-wether, I'll go down
Where the star shines bright."

Down by the hamlet he met the man.
" Shepherd, no shepherd, thy flock is lorn! "
" Master, no master, a child is born
Royal, greater than Pan.

" Lo, I have seen; I go to my sheep;
Follow my footsteps through the snow,
But warily, warily see thou go,
For child and mother sleep."

Into the stable-yard Pan crept,
And there in a manger a baby lay
Beside his mother upon the hay,
And mother and baby slept.

Pan bent over the sleeping child,
Gazed on him, panting after his run:
And while he wondered, the little one
Opened his eyes and smiled;

Smiled, and after a little space
Struggled an arm from the swaddling-band,
And raising a tiny dimpled hand,
Patted the bearded face.

Something snapped in the breast of Pan;
His heart, his throat, his eyes were sore,
And he wished to weep as never before
Since the world began.

And out he went to the silly sheep,
To the fox on the hill, the fish in the sea,
The horse in the stall, the bird in the tree,
  Asking them how to weep.

They could not teach—they did not know;
The law stands writ for the beast that's dumb
That a limb may ache and a heart be numb,
  But never a tear can flow.

So bear you kindly to-day, O Man,
To all that is dumb and all that is wild,
For the sake of the Christmas Babe who smiled
  In the eyes of great god Pan.

FRANK SIDGWICK.

THE GREAT GOD PAN

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
  Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and shattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoof of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
  With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
  From the deep cool bed of the river;
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
  Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on shore sate the great god Pan,
  While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel, at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
  To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
  (How tall it stood in the river!),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
  In holes, as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan
  (Laughed while he sate by the river),
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
  He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
  Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
  Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
  To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows never more again
  As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

JOHN MILTON.

TO MORNING

O HOLY virgin, clad in purest white,
Unlock heaven's golden gates, and issue forth;
Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven; let light
Rise from the chambers of the East, and bring
The honeyed dew that cometh on waking day.
O radiant Morning, salute the Sun,
Roused like a huntsman to the chase, and with
Thy buskined feet appear upon our hills.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

I STOOD TIPTOE

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds, which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.

JOHN KEATS.

O GIFT OF GOD

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
  Whereon it is enough for me,
  Not to be doing, but to be!
I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
  I see the branches downward bent,
  Like keys of some great instrument.
And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
  Where through a sapphire sea the sun
  Sails like a golden galleon.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snowflakes of the cherry-blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach.
O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE MELODIES OF MORN

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell—
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of simple shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove?

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols from her aerial tour.

JAMES BEATTIE.

THE NIGHTINGALE

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a row of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn
Leaned her breast against a thorn
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu, by and by:
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon my own.
—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

RICHARD BARNEFIELD.

THE THRUSH'S NEST

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound
With joy; and often, an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toil from day to day—
How true she warped the moss, to form a nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay;
And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over shells of greeny blue;
And there I witnessed in the sunny hours,
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

John Clare.

CLYTIE

Clytie in the days of old,
Loved the sun of gleaming gold;
He was bright and he was bold,
Debonair and bonny;
In delight she danced away
Half the night and all the day,
Singing songs so sweet and gay,
All of hey and nonny.

But he turned away his gaze,
Heedless of her pretty face,
Passing to another place,
Leaving her a-weary;

While in sorrowful surprise
Tear-drops dimmed her tender eyes,
And her heart was full of sighs
  All of hey and deary.

Changing then into a flower,
Clytie grew in verdant bower,
Looking ever hour by hour
  At her scornful lover;
That although no more a Miss,
Yet she might in secret bliss,
Still enjoy the Sun's kind kiss
  When he shone above her.

Clytie (Sunflower is her name
Nowadays) gazed at the flame
Of the Sun, till she became
  Like him more and more, dear;
Still from east to west she'll go;
Following her sweetheart; though
Never more she sighs heigh-ho!
  As in days of yore, dear.

HAROLD HALMYR.

HYMN TO DIANA

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair
  Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
  State in wonted manner keep:
    Hesperus entreats thy light,
    Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
  Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
  Heaven to clear when day did close:
    Bless us then with wishèd sight,
    Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
  And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
  Space to breathe, how short soever:
    Thou that mak'st a day of night,
    Goddess excellently bright!

BEN JONSON.

A SUMMER'S EVE

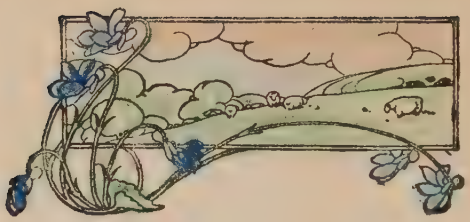
CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
  All chequer'd was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
  Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
  That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
  That closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
  Look'd as they most desired,
To see whose head with orient pearls
  Most curiously was tyred.

The rills, that on the pebbles played,
  Might now be heard at will;
This world the only music made,
  Else every thing was still. . . .

MICHAEL DRAYTON.



EVENING SONG

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is,
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads:
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom;
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,

Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eyelids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my evening's knell.

JOHN FLETCHER.

TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks cry and call.
Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a star over all,
There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear long ago in the past,
Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that death cannot last;
Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has defiled,
Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

TO THE EVENING STAR

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,—
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Would'st thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Would'st thou me?"—And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies

Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:

Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TEARS

WEEP you no more, sad fountains:—
  What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
  Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
    But my sun's heavenly eyes
      View not your weeping,
      That now lies sleeping
    Softly, now softly lies
        Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
  A rest that peace begets:—
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
  When fair at even he sets?
    —Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
      Melt not in weeping!
      While she lies sleeping
    Softly, now softly lies
        Sleeping!

Anonymous.

SEA-GULLS

WHERE the dark green hollows lift
  Into crests of snow,
Wheeling, flashing, floating by,
White against the stormy sky,
With exultant call and cry
  Swift the sea-gulls go.

Fearless, vagabond and free
  Children of the spray,
Spirits of old mariners
Drifting down the restless years—
Drake's and Hawkins' buccaneers—
  So do seamen say.

Watching, guarding, sailing still
  Round the shores they knew,
Where the cliffs of Devon rise
Red against the sullen skies
(Dearer far than Paradise),
  'Mid the tossing blue.

Not for them the heavenly song;
  Sweeter still they find
Than those angels, row on row,
Thunder of the bursting snow
Seething on the rocks below,
  Singing of the wind.

Fairer than the streets of gold
  Those wild fields of foam,
Where the horses of the sea
Stamp and whinny ceaselessly,
Warding from all enemy
  Shores they once called home.

So the sea-gulls call and cry
'Neath the cliffs to-day,
Spirits of old mariners
Drifting down the restless years—
Drake's and Hawkins' buccaneers—
So do seamen say.

NORAH HOLLAND.

TIM THE TACKET

A BARK is lying on the sands,
No rippling wave is sparkling near her;
She seems unmanned of all her hands—
There's not a soul on board to steer her!

I deem amiss: for yonder, see,
A sailor struts in dark blue jacket—
A little man with face of glee—
His neighbours call him Tim the Tacket.

I know him well; the master he
Of a small bark—an Irish coaster;
His heart is like the ocean, free,
And like the breeze, his tongue's a boaster.

List! now he sings a burly stave
Of waves and winds and shipwrecks many,
Of flying fish and dolphins brave,
Of mermaids lovely but uncanny.

Oh, he hath tales of wondrous things
Spied in the vast and restless ocean;
Of monstrous fish whose giant springs
Give to the seas their rocking motion;

And serpents huge, whose rings embrace
Some round leagues of the great Pacific;
And men of central Ind, sans face,
But not on that head less terrific.

His little eyes, deep-set and hedged
All round and round with bristles hoary,
Do twinkle like a hawk's new-fledged—
Sure he hath dreams of marvellous glory!

He suns his limbs upon the deck,
He hears the music of the ocean;
He lives not at another's beck,
He pines not after court promotion.

He sings his songs and smokes his weed,
He spins his yarn of monstrous fables,
He cracks his biscuit, and at need
Can soundly sleep on coiled-up cables.

He is unto himself—he is
A little world within another;
And furthermore he knoweth this,
That all mankind to him is brother.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

CALLED UP

COME, tumble up, Lord Nelson, the British Fleet's a-looming!
Come, show a leg, Lord Nelson, the guns they are a-booming!
'Tis a longish line of battle,—such as we did never see;
An' 'tis not the same old round-shot as was fired by you an' me!

What see'st thou, Sir Francis?—Strange things I see appearing!
What hearest thou, Sir Francis?—Strange sounds I do be hearing!
They are fighting in the heavens; they're at war beneath the sea!
Ay, their ways are mighty different from the ways o' you an' me!

See'st thou nought else, Sir Francis?—I see great lights a-seeking!
Hearest thou nought else, Sir Francis?—I hear thin wires a-speaking!
Three leagues that shot hath carried!—God, that such could ever be!
There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson—they ha' done wi' you an' me!

Look thou again, Sir Francis!—I see the flags a-flapping!
Hearken once more, Sir Francis!—I hear the sticks a-tapping!

'Tis a sight that calls me thither !—'Tis a sound that bids me " Come! "
'Tis the old Trafalgar signal !—'Tis the beating o' my drum!

Art thou ready, good Sir Francis ? See, they wait upon the Quay !—
Praise be to God, Lord Nelson, they ha' thought o' you an' me!

DUDLEY CLARK.

MESSMATES

HE gave us all a good-bye cheerily
At the first dawn of day;
We dropped him down the side full drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the tides roll over him
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles around;
He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the months and the years roll over him
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough
  As they thrash to and fro,
And the battle-ships' bells ring clear enough
  To be heard down below;
If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping
    there,
And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
  When the great ships go by.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

ADMIRAL DEATH

Boys, are ye calling a toast to-night?
  (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
Fill for a bumper strong and bright,
  And here's to Admiral Death!
He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat,
He's fought in a thousand kinds o' coat,
He's the senior flag of all that float,
    And his name's Admiral Death!

Which of you looks for a service free?
  (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
The rules o' the service are but three
  When ye sail with Admiral Death.
Steady your hand in the time o' squalls,
Stand to the last by him that falls,
And answer clear to the voice that calls,
    "Ay, ay! Admiral Death!"

How will ye know him among the rest?
  (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
By the glint o' the stars that cover his breast
  Ye may find Admiral Death.

By the forehead grim with an ancient scar,
By the voice that rolls like thunder far,
By the tenderest eyes of all that are,
Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before?
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)
Their bones are white by many a shore,
They sleep with Admiral Death.
Oh! but they loved him, young and old,
For he left the laggard, and took the bold,
And the fight was fought, and the story's told,
And they sleep with Admiral Death.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
  Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
  To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
  That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
  The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
  The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
  Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
  But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from Heaven
  Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE WOODLANDS

O SPREAD ageän your leaves an' flow'rs,
  Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
Here underneath the dewy show'rs,
  O warm-aïr'd spring-time zunny woodlands!
As when, in drong or open ground,
Wi' happy bwoyish heart I vound
The twitt'ren birds a buildèn round
  Your high-bough'd hedges, zunny woodlands!

You gie'd me life, you gie'd me jaÿ,
  Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
You gie'd me health, as in my plaÿ
  I rambled through ye, zunny woodlands!

You gie'd me freedom vor to rove
In aïry meäd or sheädy grove;
You gie'd me smilèn Fanny's love,
The best ov all o't, zunny woodlands!

My vu'st shrill skylark whiver'd high,
Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
To zing below your deep-blue sky
An' white spring-clouds, O zunny woodlands!
An' boughs o' trees that woonce stood here,
Wer glossy green the happy-year
That gie'd me woone I lov'd so dear,
An' now ha lost, O zunny woodlands!

O let me rove ageän unspied,
Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
Along your green-bough'd hedges' zide,
As then I rambled, zunny woodlands!
An' where the missèn trees woonce stood,
Or tongues woonce rung among the wood,
My memory shall meäke em good,
Though you've a-lost em, zunny woodlands!

WILLIAM BARNES.

FAREWELL

NOT soon shall I forget—a sheet
Of golden water, cool and sweet,
The young moon with her head in veils
Of silver, and the nightingales.

A wain of hay came up the lane—
O fields I shall not walk again,
And trees I shall not see, so still
Against a sky of daffodil!

Fields where my happy heart had rest,
And where my heart was heaviest,
I shall remember them at peace
Drenched in moon-silver like a fleece.

The golden water sweet and cold,
The moon of silver and of gold,
The dew upon the grey grass-spears,
I shall remember them with tears.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

LIGHT

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

IN THE TRAIN

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet!

JAMES THOMSON (B.V.).

O WIND OF THE MOUNTAIN

O WIND of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!
I have a prayer to whisper in thine ear:—
Hush, pine-tree, hush! Be silent, sycamore!
Cease thy wild waving, ash-tree old and hoar!
Flow softly, stream! My voice is faint with fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!

In the dull city, by the lowland shore,
Pale grows the cheek, so rosy-fresh of yore.
Woe for the child—the fair blithe-hearted child—
Once thy glad playmate on the breezy wild!
Hush, pine-tree, hush!—my voice is faint with fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain, hear!

Pale grows the cheek, and dim the sunny eyes,
And the voice falters, and the laughter dies.
Woe for the child! She pines, on that sad shore,
For the free hills and happy skies of yore.
Hush, river, hush!—my voice is faint with fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain,
hear!

O Wind of the Mountain, thou art swift and strong—
Follow, for love's sake, though the way be long.
Follow, oh! follow, over down and dale,
To the far city in the lowland vale.
Hush, pine-tree, hush!—my voice is faint with fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain,
hear!

Kiss the dear lips, and bid the laughters rise—
Flush the wan cheek, and brighten the dim eyes;
Sing songs of home, and soon, from grief and pain,
Win back thy playmate, blessèd Wind, again!
Win back my darling—while away my fear—
O Wind of the Mountain, Wind of the Mountain,
hear!

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

THE BANKS O' DOON

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

ORPHEUS oft in leafy grove
With his lyre divine would rove;
And his wondrous minstrelsy,
Ever passionate and free
As a grey lark's song above,
Moved the hearts of men and maidens,
Melting them to love.

Beauteous nymphs of winsome grace
Sprang from every hiding-place,

Tree and flow'r and silver stream,
Spell-drawn; merrily to scream,
Each delighted at the chase
Of some careless Satyr doating
On her pretty face.

But when died Eurydice
Hushed were sounds of mirth and glee;
And such mournful music crept
From his lyre that wild birds wept
With a tender sympathy,
While sad Orpheus to the Death-land
Wandered pensively.

In the Under-world uprose
Melodies that soothed all woes,
Through the caverns echoing:
Notes of heavenly carolling,
Songs of every flow'r that blows;
Songs of bird, and tree, and river,
Dawn of day, and close.

Playing aye with master-hand
On he travelled through the land,
And Eurydice did crave
From the monarch, cold and grave;
Pleading so in accents grand,
While the list'ning Shadows crowded
Round on either hand.

Sang of love so tenderly
That the King of Shades set free
The dead wife, to dwell above
In the land of life and love:
But a warning stern gave he—
Orpheus ne'er must glance behind him
At Eurydice.

Long, oh long, the homeward way
From the realm of phantoms grey:
Moments seemed an age to him
In the caverns weird and dim
Never lit by sunny ray,
Leading to the Death-land portals
And the Earth so gay.

And the warning words of dread
All-forgotten; lo! the head
Of the Singer turned to gaze
Once upon his wife's fair face.
Oh! forgetful love! she fled
Back again to dreams and shadows
Lost among the dead.

From *The Ivory Gate.*

THE GRASSHOPPER

THAT Goddess sweet, Aurora, she who dwells
Among the roses of the breaking day,
Fell very much in love (the story tells)
With Tithonus, a handsome youth and gay:
And, lest the King of Death should steal away
Her lover, lo! the maiden prayed that he,
Like her, immortal evermore might be.

Her prayer was granted, but the maid did not
Beg for eternal youthfulness as well;
And so, when older Tithonus had got,
Time's blemishes upon his visage fell:
Although undying, through the magic spell,
His cheeks grew sunken and his eyes grew dim
Until Aurora wept to look at him.

Bowed was his ancient back, his head was bent,
His once-smooth brow was wrinkled o'er and o'er;
And still, as ages came and ages went,
He ever seemed more shrunken than before,
And crooked: till, alas! at last he bore
No semblance of a man at all: and then
He fled for ever from the haunts of men.

And in the fields he lived until he grew
More grey and twisted than a last year's leaf,
And hid his body in the grasses, too,
Lest any curious eye should him perceive:
There, safely sheltered, sang he forth his grief;
He's like a grasshopper to-day, and so,
If you should catch him, please to let him go.

And yet, dear grasshopper, whene'er I've heard
Your piping voice upon a summer day,
Something of gladness in my heart has stirred,
Not sad at all I've found your little lay.
So I have fancied (though the stories say
Your note is melancholy) that you rove
Singing—not endless pain—but deathless love.

From *The Ivory Gate.*

TO AUTUMN

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath thy shady roof: there thou may'st rest,
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

" The narrow bud opens her beauties to
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,
Till clustering summer breaks forth into singing,
And feathered clouds strew flowers round her head.

" The Spirits of the Air live on the smells
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees."
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

NOVEMBER

THE mellow year is hastening to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows;
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy-twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE SEASONS

SPRING

So forth issued the Seasons of the year;
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

SUMMER

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlinèd all, to be more light:
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which, as he had chafèd been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the leopard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

AUTUMN

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore;

Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

WINTER

Lastly came Winter, clothèd all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil:
In his right hand a tippèd staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayèd still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was to weld.

EDMUND SPENSER.

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye!
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge bryghte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkynge, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkynge, most pityful to see!

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe!
A lovely mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathèd many a syghe
And a vowe;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her hearte was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne!
No more a youth was there,
But a maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
"That I was borne!"
As I laye a-thynkynge, she perishèd forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar!
There came a lovely childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I laye a-thynkynge, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier!
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,
As I lay a-thynkynge—oh! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I laye a-thynkynge, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes;
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning was exprest:—
" Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,"—
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
" HERE IS REST! "

RICHARD H. BARHAM.

DIRGE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone:
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust. . . .

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DIRGE FOR FIDELE

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

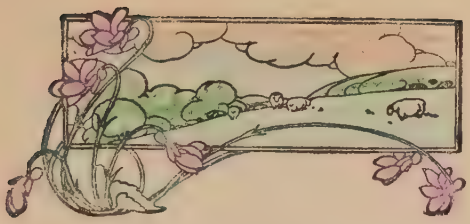
No withered witch shall here be seen;
  No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft at evening hours
  Shall kindly lend his little aid;
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
  And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

WILLIAM COLLINS.



UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Rossetti.

SCYTHE SONG

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep ;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, ah hush ! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

Andrew Lang.

BEULAH

The sun is rose an' fell on me
This nearly ninety years,
While I have seen my share of joy
An' shed a sight of tears.

An' now I'm in my eighty-nine
An' goin' down the hill,
I'm thinkin' tears have passed me by,
But joys are with me still.

I'm takin' still my daily walk
Along the leafy lane,
And by the low white pillar sit
To look on Ballawhane.

The little childher on me smile,
The lovely flowers I see,
An' through the little everin'
The t'rushes sing to me.

"CUSHAG."

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WHERE LIES THE LAND

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;

Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

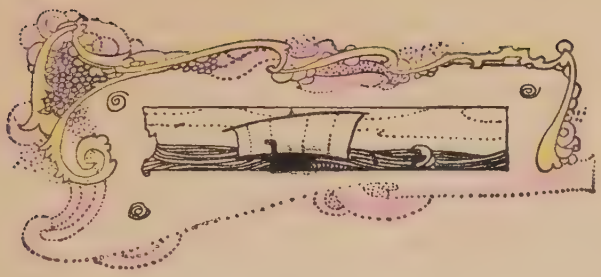
Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

A SONG

AND I, too, sing the song of all creation—
A brave sky and a glad wind flowing by,
A clear trail, and an hour for meditation,
A long day, and the joy to make it fly:
A hard task, and the muscle to achieve it,
A fierce noon, and a well-contented gloam,
A good strife, and no great regret to leave it,
A still night, and the far red lights of home.

Anonymous.



CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

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ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM. 1824–89. Born Ballyshannon, but of English family. Educated Ireland. Supervisor of Customs; transferred to London. Succeeded Froude as editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. Works: *Irish Songs and Poems; Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland*. Wrote delightful prose descriptions. Verse fresh and graceful and free from obscurity.

BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS. 1788–1845. Born Canterbury. Educated Brasenose, Oxford. Entered ministry, ending as vicar of St. Faith's. Assisted in compilation of *Biographical Dictionary* (1828). Best-known work is *Ingoldsby Legends* under pseudonym of Thomas Ingoldsby.

BARNEFIELD, RICHARD. 1574 – 1627. Born Manor House, Norbury. Studied Oxford. Works: three volumes poetry, *The Affectionate Shepherd; Cynthia, with certain Sonnets and the Legend of Cassandra;* and *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia*. Best known for two pieces long attributed to Shakespeare, *As it fell upon a day*, and *If musique and sweet poetrie agree*, which appeared in the miscellany, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, published by William Jaggard, a piratical collection of twenty pieces belonging to Shakespeare, Raleigh, Marlowe, Barnefield and others. Work full of the melodiousness and sonority characteristic of the Elizabethans.

BARNES, WILLIAM. 1801–86. Born Rushay, Dorset. Worked in solicitor's office; afterwards as schoolmaster; rector of Winterborne Came. Foremost English dialect poet, a pastoral lyrist of power. Simple and sincere; rare insight into common joys and sorrows. *Hwomely Rhymes, Poems of Rural Life*, are well-known works.

BEATTIE, JAMES. 1735–1803. Born Kincardine. Master of Grammar School, Aberdeen; Professor of Moral Philosophy at Marischal College in same city. Friend of Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick and Johnson. Works: *The Minstrel; Essay on Truth*. Domestic troubles brought on despondency; sank into mental decay.

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS. 1584–1616. Born Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire. Left Oxford without degree on death of father. Admitted

Inner Temple. Early friendship with John Fletcher, with whom he lived ten years and wrote in collaboration a series of dramas, passionate, romantic and comic. Their genius and their names are inseparable. Beaumont buried in Westminster Abbey. Works: *The Knight of the Burning Pestle; The Scornful Ladie; The Maid's Tragedy; Philaster*, etc.

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL. 1803–49. Born Clifton. Son of physician. Educated Charterhouse and Oxford. Lived lonely and dissatisfied. Wrote *Death's Jest Book*, a tragedy in sombre Elizabethan style; a failure as a whole but with some beautiful passages. Wrote many beautiful lyrics. Died abroad insane.

BEECHING, HENRY CHARLES. 1859–1919. Educated City of London School and Balliol, Oxford. Canon of Westminster and Dean of Norwich. Works: verse, *In a Garden; Love's Looking-Glass* (from which "Prayers" is taken); and anthologies. Prose, volumes of theology and criticism.

BELLOC, HILAIRE. Born 1870. Son of French father, English mother. Educated Balliol, Oxford. Liberal M.P. 1906–10. Works: *Bad Child's Book of Beasts; More Beasts for Worse Children; Verses and Sonnets;* and volumes of essays.

BENSON, ARTHUR C. 1862–1925. One of three distinguished sons of a famous Archbishop of Canterbury, Edward White Benson. Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Works: *House of Quiet; Escape and other Essays; Poems and Lyrics*. Wrote *Land of Hope and Glory*. Popularity won by essays; restful English philosophy.

BINYON, LAURENCE. Born 1869, Lancaster. Son of clergyman. Educated Trinity, Oxford. Deputy-Keeper, British Museum, in charge of Oriental prints and drawings. Works: *Lyric Poems; Porphyrion; Auguries*. Books on Botticelli and Blake. Dramatist.

BLAIR, ROBERT. 1699–1746. Born Edinburgh. Son of minister. Educated Edinburgh University and Holland. Entered ministry. Chief work, *The Grave*, a sombre poem in blank verse. A congenial subject for the genius of William Blake, some of whose best-known drawings illustrated the poem, such as "The Soul departing from the Body," and "Death's Door."

BLAKE, WILLIAM. 1757–1827. Son of London tradesman. Became engraver, printer and bookbinder. His best-known work is *Songs of Innocence*. His poems are simple and quaint, yet many are difficult to understand. He seemed to live in a dream-world, and his imagination was often wild, though we can plainly see how much he loved Nature, particularly children and lambs. "My business," he said, "is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, and express godlike sentiments." He was a firm believer in the existence of a spirit-world.

Booth, Eva Gore. Has published many volumes, the chief being *Poems; The Sorrowful Princess; The Perilous Light; Broken Glory.*

Bourdillon, Francis William. 1852–1921. Educated Worcester College, Oxford. Works: *Among the Flowers; A Lost God; Preludes and Romances;* and a translation of *Aucassin and Nicolette.*

Bridges, Robert. Born 1844. Studied medicine after leaving Oxford. Became Poet Laureate 1913, and has written many poems and plays. His verse is the work of a scholar, and he has written lyrics which rank very high in English literature because of their beauty of language and the sweet music it contains. His *Shorter Poems* and *The Growth of Love* show the poet at his best.

Brooke, Rupert. 1887–1915. Born Rugby. After Cambridge travelled extensively. Joined Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and served at Antwerp. Died on way to Dardanelles, 23 April (Shakespeare's Day and Day of St. George). Buried Scyros in Levant. Gave certain promise of being great poet. Verses express outlook on life which make him perhaps the most representative poet of his time, full of passion and laughter. Works: *Poems* (1911); *1914 and other Poems.*

Brown, Thomas Edward. 1830–97. Born Douglas, I.O.M. Son of incumbent. After Oxford, Master at Clifton College thirty years. Lyrics admirable though rugged. Finest works: *Manx Witch; Old John; Betsy Lee.*

Browne, William. 1591–1643? Born Tavistock. One of the brilliant youths who termed themselves "Sons of Ben Jonson," and friend of Drayton and Chapman. Influenced by Spenser and Sidney, his work is glowing in description, but sometimes marred by Protestant bigotry. Chief works: *Britannia's Pastorals; Shepherd's Pipe.*

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. 1806–61. Born Durham. Married Robert Browning and lived in Italy. She was an invalid with lung affection, but all her work is brave and strong. When quite young she translated the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, and after marriage wrote *Casa Guidi Windows; Aurora Leigh; Sonnets from the Portuguese* (which are not translations, as one might think from their title). She had great love for whatsoever things are good and true and beautiful; and for those base, mean and unworthy, as great an indignation.

Burns, Robert. 1759–96. Born Ayr. Son of Scottish gardener; farm-boy. Finally Excise officer at less than £70 per annum. Life struggle with poverty which roused sense of injustice. A natural lyrist. Chief works: *Tam o' Shanter; Cotter's Saturday Night;* and his immortal lyrics.

BYRON, LORD: GEORGE NOEL GORDON. 1788–1824. Educated Harrow and Cambridge. Lived in voluntary exile Switzerland and Italy. In 1824 sailed to fight in Greek War of Independence. Died of fever, Mesolonghi. Writings show author gloomy, scornful, satirical. Chief works: *Don Juan; Vision of Judgment; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.* Wrote also dramas, Oriental romances, numerous narrative poems and lyrics.

CAMPION, THOMAS. 1575–1620. Born Essex. Studied Cambridge and abroad. Left law for medicine; practised M.D. in London. Musician. Wrote four masques which contain some of his finest lyrics. Others found in *Bookes of Ayres,* edited by Rosseter.

CAREW, THOMAS. 1595?–1639? Sewer-in-Ordinary to Charles I. Royalist lyrist, only surpassed by Herrick. Set the fashion for courtly amorous verse. Longest poem, *The Rapture,* has but two hundred lines.

CARMAN, WILLIAM BLISS. Born 1861, New Brunswick. Canadian Nature poet. Educated Harvard and Edinburgh. Engineer, teacher, and eventually journalist. Works: *Low Tide on Grand Pré; Ballads of Lost Haven; Songs of Vagabondia.*

CHATTERTON, THOMAS. 1752–70. Son of schoolmaster. Youngest of English poets, and shortest-lived. Had access to parchment documents taken from old church. At age of eleven was writing (in an OLD ENGLISH of his own) verse which he pretended to have found in ancient manuscripts. 1768 he tried to sell *Rowlies' Ancient Poems*; successful at first, the forgery was detected, and this led to the suicide of a perverted but undoubted genius. Many lyrics are full of charm.

CHESSON, NORA (Mrs. Wilfrid H. Chesson). 1871–1906. Gifted Irish poetess; wrote as "Nora Hopper." Works: *Under Quicken Boughs* (verse); *Bell and the Arrow* (novel).

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH. Born 1874, Kensington. Educated St. Paul's School. Journalist, essayist, and author of fantastic novels. Works: *The Flying Inn; Ballad of the White Horse; Man who knew too much.*

CLARE, JOHN. 1793–1864. Born Helpstone, Peterborough. Son of a pauper. Self-educated ploughboy, never prosperous; died in lunatic asylum. Faithful painter English country life. Wrote *Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery; Village Minstrel.*

CLARKE, DUDLEY. Born 1899. Contributor to various magazines and newspapers. Our poem published in *The Times.*

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH. 1819–61. Born Liverpool. Educated Rugby and Balliol, Oxford. Friend of Emerson and Carlyle.

Great European traveller. Died Florence. Works: *Greek History; Poems.* Edited Dryden's *Plutarch's Lives.*

COLERIDGE, HARTLEY. 1796–1849. Born Clevedon, Somersetshire. Educated Ambleside School and Merton, Oxford. Fellow of Oriel College, but abandoned position for literature. Died Grasmere. Works: *Biographia Borealis; Essays and Marginalia; Poems.* Eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

COLERIDGE, MARY. 1861–1907. Born London. Volume of collected poems edited by Sir Henry Newbolt after her death. As a lyric poet her place in literature is secure. She taught at Working Women's College; greatly interested in education for working girls. Works: *The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus; The King with Two Faces* (novels); *Poems.*

COLLINS, WILLIAM. 1721–59. Born Chichester. Son of hatter. Educated Oxford; distinguished there for "genius and indolence": Gilbert White a fellow-student. Died in obscurity. Finest work in his odes: *How sleep the Brave; Ode to Evening; Ode to the Passions; On the Death of Thomson* (his friend). Great use of metaphor and personification. The only great lyrist of the stilted and artificial eighteenth century.

COLUM, PADRAIC. Born 1881, Longford. Writer of lyric verse, stories, sketches, plays for the Irish National Theatre. Edited collection of Irish popular songs, *Broad Sheet Ballads.* Other works: *The Land* (drama); *Poems of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood* and *Wild Earth.*

CONSTABLE, HENRY. 1562–1613. Educated Cambridge. Turned Catholic and became active negotiator for papal authorities. Pensioned by French king. On return to England was imprisoned in Tower. Died at Liège. Works: *Diana* (twenty-three sonnets); *The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis* (one of four pastorals contributed by him to *England's Helicon* and which possibly suggested Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*).

CORNFORD, FRANCES. Born 1886, Cambridge. Grand-daughter of Charles Darwin. Educated privately. Works: *Death and the Princess; Spring Morning.*

CRASHAW, RICHARD. 1612?–49. Born London. Son of Protestant incumbent, Whitechapel. Educated Charterhouse and Cambridge. Elected to Fellowship at Peterhouse. Refused Solemn League and Covenant and ejected from Fellowship. Embraced Roman Catholic faith; in service of cardinal at Rome, where he died. Accomplished scholar and mystic, greater part of work is religious poetry. Works: *Steps to the Temple; Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses.*

CUNNINGHAM, JOHN. 1729–73. Born Dublin, son of wine-cooper. Educated Drogheda. Poems published at age of twelve,

and first play, *Love in a Mist*, produced when nineteen. Became strolling player. Works: *The Contemplatist, a Night Piece; Fortune, an Apologue; Poems, chiefly Pastoral.* His *Elegy on a Pile of Ruins* is but a weak imitation of Gray's famous *Elegy*. Buried Newcastle.

"Cushag." Pseudonym of Josephine Kermode, the Manx poet. She has published *Manx Melodies* and *Ellan Vannin*. Most of her work is written in dialect-verse, and shows the influence of the folk- and fairy-lore of her island. Her lyrics are sympathetic and full of delicate beauty.

Darley, George. 1795–1846. Born Dublin. Educated Trinity College. Poet, mathematician, critic. On staff of *Atheneum*. Victim of melancholia. Best story, *Lilian of the Vale;* dramas, *Thomas à Becket; Ethelstan.*

Davidson (Davison?), Francis. 1575?–1619? Son of Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. Continental traveller. Wrote many of choicest pieces in *A Poetical Rapsody*, the first edition of which appeared 1602. His *Metrical Translation of the Psalms*, a work of merit, appeared after his death.

Davies, William H. Born 1870, Monmouthshire. Spent six years in America as a tramp. Worked passage many times to England; hawker, street-singer. Recognised as poet when thirty-four. Verse springs from experience; it is spontaneous, simple and full of grace. Some of his work reaches a very high level. Sees the beauty of common things, but in his narrative poems, even when humorous, there is a tinge of bitterness, reflecting his own and others' hardships. Works: *The Soul's Destroyer; Nature Poems; Farewell to Poesy; Songs of Joy.*

De la Mare, Walter. Born 1873, Charlton, Kent. Educated St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. Huguenot descent. Personal friend of Rupert Brooke. Poems full of delicate charm; fantastic, and giving sense of the supernatural; always sweet and pensive. Like most modern poets his verse shows great animal-love. Works: *Songs of Childhood; The Listeners; A Child's Day; Peacock Pie;* miscellaneous prose works, plays and prize novel, *The Return;* and delightful anthology, *Come Hither.*

Derrick, Samuel. 1724–69. Born Dublin. Apprenticed to linen-draper. Left for stage; successful actor. Helped Dr. Johnson with Dryden's Life. After death of Beau Nash became Master of Ceremonies at Bath. Works: *A Collection of Voyages; Voyage from the Moon* (from the French of Bergerac); *Dryden's Works with Life and Notes; Letters written from Leverpoole, Chester, Corke;* and a compilation, *Derrick's Jests or the Wits' Chronicle.*

Doddridge, Philip. 1702–51. Born London. Son of oilman, who married daughter of Lutheran pastor. His nonconformist

tendencies made him refuse Duchess of Bedford's offer to educate him at university for Church of England career. Studied at dissenting academy, Leicestershire, and became noted preacher. Wrote some 400 hymns, many well known; *O God of Bethel, by whose hand; O happy day that fixed my choice.*

DRAYTON, MICHAEL. 1563–1631. Born Warwickshire. First work was destroyed as offensive, *The Harmonie of the Church,* metrical translation of Scriptures. *Poems Lyric and Heroic* contain well-known "Agincourt" ballad. Other works: *Polyolbion; Nymphidia.* Beauty of description and bright fancy.

DRINKWATER, JOHN. Born 1882. Varied experiments in business and literature. Has written volumes of poems, plays in verse, prose critical works. Healthy open-air verse. Chief plays: *Cromwell; Abraham Lincoln; Mary Stuart.*

ELIOT, GEORGE. 1819–80. Pen-name of Mary Ann Evans. Born Warwickshire. Familiar from childhood with country life, her strongest writing is the delineation of rural characters. *Scenes from Clerical Life* early attracted public attention. Her best work was her earlier novels: *Adam Bede; Mill on the Floss; Silas Marner.* Later work lacks power.

FAHY, FRANCIS A. Born 1854, County Galway. When sixteen his first play was produced, *The Last of the O'Learys.* Civil servant. Has contributed much humorous verse to Irish journals. Published *Irish Songs and Poems,* 1887.

FLETCHER, JOHN. 1579–1625. Born Rye. Left in poverty at father's death. Early intimacy with Francis Beaumont; joint-author with him of many plays during ten years of friendship. Both names are inseparably connected. Fletcher supplied the lighter and more idyllic note in the plays. Died of the plague. See note for Beaumont.

FREEMAN, JOHN. Born 1880, London. Has published volumes of verse, *Memories of Childhood; Poems Old and New; Prince Absalom;* and critical studies, *The Moderns.* Contributor to leading reviews.

GALE, NORMAN. Poet, story-teller and reviewer. Works: *A Country Muse; A Merry-go-Round of Song; The Candid Cuckoo; Songs for Little People.*

GALES, RICHARD LAWSON. Born 1862. Educated privately and Oxford, where he won the Newdigate Prize. Ordained 1888. In 1909 he was appointed by Mr. Asquith to be vicar of Gedney. Works: *Studies in Arcady; The Vanished Country Folk; Old-World Essays;* and volumes of verse, *A Posy of Folk-songs; David in Heaven; Ballads and Carols; Skylark and Swallow.*

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER. 1728–74. Born County Longford, Ireland, but of English parentage. Son of clergyman, the original of poor parson in *The Deserted Village*. Educated Trinity College, Dublin; failed to take Holy Orders. Studied medicine, Edinburgh. Travelled Continent two years, supporting himself by flute-playing; then literary hack, London. Works: *The Traveller; Deserted Village* (poems); *Vicar of Wakefield* (novel); and *The Good-natured Man; She Stoops to Conquer* (plays). Befriended by Dr. Johnson.

GOOGE, BARNABE. 1540–94. Born Lincoln. Studied both Cambridge and Oxford. Provost-Marshal in Ireland. Well spoken of as a poet for his sonnets, epitaphs and "eglogs." Translated *The Popish Kingdom, or Reigne of Antichrist*, a satirical Latin poem by Thomas Naogeorgus.

GOULD, GERALD. Born 1885. Educated Magdalen, Oxford. Lecturer in English at Wren's. Journalist; associate-editor *Daily Herald*. Works: *Lyrics; My Lady's Book; The Coming Revolution*.

GREENE, ROBERT. 1560?–92. Born Norwich. Travelled Italy, Spain. Playwright and pamphleteer, London. Lyrics best work, pure and sylvan sweetness. Lived in wildest dissipation.

HABINGTON, WILLIAM. 1605–54. Born near Worcester. Educated St. Omer. Strict Catholic. Dreamer, taking no part in Civil War. Intense in feeling; work marred by bigotry. Chief work, *Castara*, the fanciful name given to wife.

HERBERT, GEORGE. 1593–1633. Public orator at Cambridge, afterwards rector of Bemerton, Wilts. An ascetic. Influenced Crashaw and Vaughan. Chief work, *The Temple*. Poems often laboured, full of "Conceits." Deals with his spiritual experiences.

HERRICK, ROBERT. 1591–1674. Son of London silversmith; became clergyman, but was ejected from his living. Friend of Jonson. Published *Hesperides* (1648); one of our greatest lyrists in power and influence.

HODGSON, RALPH. Born 1871. Awarded Polignac Prize for *The Bull* and *Song of Honour* by the Royal Society of Literature. Nearly all poetry issued in long loose broadsheets each containing one poem, or in small chapbooks containing one or more, the old-fashioned way of conveying literature into the hands of the people. Small output but poems of high level artistically. Great love of lower animals. Works: *Eve; The Mystery; The Last Blackbird and Other Lines*.

HOGG, JAMES. 1770–1835. "The Ettrick Shepherd," discovered by Sir Walter Scott. Little schooling but keen reader of poetry and romances. Reputation established by *The Queen's Wake*,

collection of tales and ballads supposed to be sung by Scottish bards to Mary Queen of Scots. Collected two volumes of *Jacobite Relics*. Other works: *The Poetic Mirror; Queen Hynde;* several novels. Among first of later Scottish poets.

HOLLAND, NORAH M. (Mrs. Lionel W. Claxton). 1876–1925. Born at Collingwood, Ontario. A relative of W. B. Yeats and one of the outstanding poets of Canada. A well-known magazine writer and reviewer. Published two volumes of verse, *Spunyarn and Spindrift; When Half-gods go;* also short stories and plays in verse. Lecturer on Celtic folk- and fairy-lore.

HOOD, THOMAS. 1799–1839. Born London. Son of publisher, whose death left family in reduced circumstances. Sub-editor at twenty-two; stepping-stone for genius. Friend of Charles Lamb, Hazlitt and De Quincey. A professional humorist and punster of his day, he is best remembered for his serious poems: *Song of the Shirt*; *Bridge of Sighs; Eugene Aram; Ode to Melancholy*. Died of consumption.

HOWE, JULIA WARD. 1819–1910. Born New York. Lecturer on social subjects. Co-editor with husband, anti-slavery paper. Advocate of prison reform. Best-known achievement, *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, inspired by sight of Northern troops marching to tune of "John Brown's Body." Works: *From Sunset Ridge*, a collection of poems.

JONSON, BEN. 1573?–1637. Most accomplished dramatist after Shakespeare. Hardship in early years. Bricklayer, soldier, actor, playwright. Opened new line in drama; English comedy style founded. *Every Man in his Humour* a masterpiece. "O rare Ben Jonson."

KEATS, JOHN. 1795–1821. Born London. Son of livery-stable keeper. Consumptive. Met with violent criticism. Died Rome. Works: *Verses* (1817), *Endymion* (1818), *Lamia* (1820). Best sonnets rank with greatest; odes of classic beauty. Words full of magic charm. Influenced by Spenser.

KEBLE, JOHN. 1792–1866. Born Fairford, Gloucestershire. Son of vicar. Educated Corpus Christi, Oxford. Tutor and examiner there; afterwards Professor of Poetry; then vicar of Hursley. Made name with *The Christian Year* and later with *Lyra Innocentium*. Author of many tracts and sermons. Poems delicate, pure in thought and expression.

KING, HENRY. 1592–1669. Born Wornall, Bucks. Son of Bishop of London. Educated Westminster and Oxford. Archdeacon of Colchester. Royal Chaplain to James I. Friend of Ben Jonson and Izaak Walton. Works: *Poems; Elegies; Paradoxes; Sonnets; Latin and Greek Poems; Sermons*. Best poem an elegy on his wife.

LANG, ANDREW. 1844–1912. Born Selkirk. Educated Balliol and Merton, Oxford. Gifford Lecturer on Natural Religion at St. Andrews. A prolific output as author, translator, and editor. Works: *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France; Ballades in Blue China; Custom and Myth; Books and Bookmen.* Collaborated with H. Rider Haggard in the novel, *The World's Desire.* Translator of *Theocritus; Aucassin and Nicolette.* Editor of many collections of *Fairy Tales.*

LEAPOR, MARY. 1722–46. Born Marston St. Lawrence, Northamptonshire. Daughter of gardener. Became cook-maid. Early delight in reading; influenced by Pope and Dryden, and at early age composed verses in imitation of the former. Poems published by subscription by persons of rank; but author died of measles before publication. Works: *Poems on Several Occasions* (two vols.); and *Essay on Friendship, Essay on Hope,* both written in heroic couplets.

LEDWIDGE, FRANCIS. 1892–1917. Young Irish soldier-poet who fell in the war. Discovered and encouraged by Lord Dunsany, who edited his *Complete Poems,* from *Songs of the Fields; Songs of Peace; Last Songs.*

LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE. 1845–1907. Poet and novelist. Has written a number of delightful fairy-sonnets and lyrics. Clear, simple style.

LETTS, WINIFRED M. Educated Alexandra College, Dublin. Masseuse in military and pensions hospitals since 1916. Writer of children's books, novels, plays (produced Abbey Theatre, Dublin) and verse. *Songs of Leinster; Hallow E'en.*

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH. 1807–82. Born Portland, Maine. Classmate of Hawthorne, Bowdoin College; there Professor Modern Languages, and afterwards Harvard. Talent for translation; Dante's *Divina Commedia* completed. Best-known American poet. *Evangeline, Hiawatha, Spanish Student,* among longer poems.

LOVELACE, RICHARD. 1618–58. Born Woolwich. Educated Charterhouse and Oxford. Royalist; imprisoned for principles; wrote while in captivity, famous *Stone Walls do not a Prison make.* Entered French service; captured and again imprisoned. Published collected poems under title of *Lucasta,* a series of odes, sonnets and lyrics. *To Lucasta* and *To Anthea* are best known. Style shows affected wit and gallantry of cavalier poets.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL. 1819–91. Born Cambridge, Mass.; son of clergyman. Educated Harvard. Lawyer, then poet, great critical essayist, humorist. Works, *Among my Books*; and poetry, *Biglow Papers, Under the Willows, Fable for Critics.*

LYNCH, THOMAS TOKE. 1818–71. Born Dunmow, Essex. Son of surgeon. Pastor of Highgate Independent Church. Hymn-

writer and composer; a cultured musician. Works: *Rivulet*, a collection of hymns full of admiration of Nature; several prose volumes of lectures and sermons.

MACDONALD, GEORGE. 1824–1905. Born Huntley, Aberdeenshire. Studied for ministry, Aberdeen University. Adopted literary career. Editor of *Good Words for the Young*. A prolific writer. Works: *Phantastes; At the Back of the North Wind; The Princess and the Goblin; Gutta Percha Willie;* and volumes of *Poems*.

MACGILLIVRAY, WILLIAM. 1796–1852. Born at Aberdeen. Professor of Natural History, Aberdeen University. A keen observer and exact recorder. Completed great work of his life, *A History of British Birds*. Author of many other works on natural history.

MACKENZIE, MARGARET. Born Malta. Educated at a convent and for some years hon. secretary of the Catholic Stage Guild. She has published a volume of verse, *The Station Platform*. The amusing and precocious book of a child, *The Young Visiters*, must be counted as Miss Mackenzie's "discovery," and this has since been dramatised by her in collaboration with her sister, Mrs. George Norman, the dramatist.

MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE. 1803–49. Born Dublin. Son of grocer. Educated by benevolent priest. Acquired knowledge of Spanish, French and Italian; employed Library, Trinity College, Dublin. Bohemian habits; mastered by craving for alcohol. Best work inspired by patriotism, but quality uneven. *Dark Rosaleen* is the best-known poem.

MASEFIELD, JOHN. Born 1874, Ledbury. Ran away from home. Cabin-boy; wanderer various countries; sailor. Larger and more varied output than other modern poets. Chief works: *Everlasting Mercy, Dauber, Reynard the Fox* (verse-novels); *Captain Margaret, Multitude and Solitude* (prose-novels); *Nan, Pompey the Great* (plays); and exquisite lyrics.

MEYNELL, ALICE. 1848–1923. Educated privately by father. Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature; member of the Academic Committee. Spent much of her early life in Italy. Married Wilfrid Meynell, the friend of Francis Thompson and editor of his poems. Works: *Preludes; Collected Poems*. Editor of anthologies and has written critical introductions and essays.

MILTON, JOHN. 1806–74. Son of London scrivener. Educated St. Paul's School and Cambridge. Joint-Secretary with Marvell under Cromwell. Became blind, but dictated greatest works. Mind stored in Bible and classics. Lived in retirement during Restoration. Prose, political pamphlets and on education.

Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Lycidas and his last work, *Samson Agonistes*, most famous poems.

MORRIS, SIR LEWIS. 1834–1907. Born Penrhyn. Chancellor's Prize at Jesus College, Oxford. Called to Bar. Educational and political work. Chief books, *Songs of Two Worlds, Epic of Hades.*

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM. 1797–1835. Born Glasgow. One session university. Editor *Glasgow Courier.* Published *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern.* Versified Scandinavian folk-songs. Lyrics imaginative, warm, tender.

MUNDAY, ANTHONY. 1553–1633. Son of London linen-draper. Pamphleteer, translator, playwriter, maker of ballads. Employed as spy on English Catholics at Rome. Only four of many plays extant, the best being *The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington, afterwards called Robin Hood of Merrie Sherwodde.* He is credited with the translation of many romances, pageants and miscellaneous pieces, in addition to *The Defence of Povertie* and *The Paine of Pleasure.*

NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY JOHN. Born 1862, Belston. Son of Rev. H. F. Newbolt. Educated Clifton College; Corpus Christi, Oxford. Practised as barrister till 1899. Knighted 1915. Poet, dramatist and writer of novels. Works: *Songs of the Sea; Songs of the Fleet; An English Anthology.* Chief note, patriotism.

NIGHTINGALE, MADELEINE. Eldest daughter of Sir John Thrift. Married Charles Nightingale, artist, who has illustrated all her books. *Babe's Book of Verse; Verses Wise and Otherwise; Pipes of Pan; Ring a Ring o' Fairies.*

NOYES, ALFRED. Born 1880. A Staffordshire poet. Educated Oxford. Professor at Princeton. First poems published when twenty-two. Prolific writer. Sea-music in verse. Deeply read in Elizabethan writings. Works: *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern; Drake; Forty Singing Seamen;* and long fairy-tale poems: *Flower of Old Japan; Forest of Wild Thyme.*

O'NEILL, MOIRA. Author of two volumes, *Songs of the Glens of Antrim.* Written in the Antrim dialect, her work shows true Celtic spirit in its varying moods of melancholy and gaiety. She sings the life of the people. Novel: *The Elf-errant.*

O'SULLIVAN, SEUMAS. Published various volumes of prose-sketches and verse. Poetical works: *The Twilight People; Verses Sacred and Profane; The Rosses and other Poems.*

OXENHAM, JOHN. Educated Manchester. Left business for literature. Has published many novels and volumes of verse. Works: *Bees in Amber; Little Te Deum; John of Gerisau.*

POE, EDGAR ALLAN. 1809–49. Born Boston, Mass. Adopted by tobacco-merchant. Educated Stoke Newington but returned to Virginia. Poet, romancer, critic. Great drinker, opium-taker. Intensive horror in tales, *Fall of the House of Usher, Descent into the Maelstrom.* Best-known poem, *The Raven.*

PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE. 1785–1866. Born Weymouth. Self-made classical scholar. Friend of Shelley. Novels and prose-writings no longer popular: *Philosophy of Melancholy; Headlong Hall; Nightmare Abbey; Maid Marian.* More famous now for his whimsical humorous verses.

PRIOR, MATTHEW. 1664–1721. Born Wimborne, Dorsetshire. Educated St. John's, Cambridge. Ambassador at the Hague. Prominent Tory, friend of Harley, Bolingbroke and Swift. Impeached and imprisoned for two years; wrote his longer poems during this period, *Alma, or the Progress of the Mind* (written in the rhymed eight-syllable couplets like Butler's *Hudibras*) and *Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* His best work is in his shorter poems, dainty charming trifles, such as *Chloe and Euphelia.*

RAVENSCROFT, THOMAS. 1592–1640? Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral; afterwards Mus.Bac. (Cambridge). Published *Pammelia, Musick's Miscellany,* probably the earliest English collection of rounds, catches and canons. Author and composer of *Melismata* and collections of Psalm tunes. In 1621 *The Whole Book of Psalms* (150 Psalm Tunes), his most famous publication, appeared; forty-eight of these tunes his own composition.

ROGERS, SAMUEL. 1763-1855. Born Stoke Newington. Son of banker. Poet had great wealth; patron of authors and artists, and was a careful fastidious writer himself, showing good taste and tenderness. Our poem, *Nature's Gifts,* describes him exactly. Refused Laureateship. Works: *Pleasures of Memory; Human Life; Italy* (descriptive poem in blank verse); *Ode to Superstition.*

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA. 1830–94. Born and died London. Family half-Italian. Sister of Dante Gabriel. Intensely religious. *Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress,* fairy-stories. Musical and melancholy. Wrote many fine sonnets and sacred poems. Poet of inner life and Nature.

SACKVILLE, THOMAS. 1536–1608. Lord High-Treasurer of England. Wrote prologue to *Myrroure for Magistrates* and one of its stories. Famous Englishmen were supposed to be met in the underworld and their stories heard. The book was completed by G. Ferrers.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER. 1771–1832. Born Edinburgh. Lame, like Byron, but not embittered. Influenced by Percy's *Reliques,*

edited *Minstrelsy of Scottish Border* after being called to Bar. Published *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), and in quick succession *Marmion, Lady of the Lake, Lord of the Isles.* More truly poetical in ballads and songs. Chief novels: *Waverley, The Antiquary, Heart of Midlothian, Ivanhoe.*

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. 1564–1616. Born Stratford-on-Avon. Educated local Grammar School. Actor in London; playwright; part-owner Globe Theatre. Earliest fame gained as poet; greatness established by plays. Profound thinker and philosopher; wonderful knowledge of mankind. Sonnets exquisite, but early poems fashions of verse now passed away.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE. 1792–1822. Born Horsham, Sussex. Educated Eton; Oxford. Expelled from university. Born visionary and mystic. Travelled extensively. Drowned in Gulf of Spezzia. Chief works: *Alastor, Adonais, Prometheus;* the drama *The Cenci,* and immortal lyrics.

SHIRLEY, JAMES. 1596–1666. Born London. Educated Merchant Taylors' School and Cambridge. Took Holy Orders. Convert to Church of Rome. Last of the great Elizabethan age of dramatists which began with Marlowe. During "Great Fire of London" both poet and wife died of terror and exposure. Plays: *The Traitor; The Lady of Pleasure.* Work graceful, melodious and fanciful.

SIDGWICK, FRANK. Born 1879, Rugby. Educated Rugby School and Trinity College, Cambridge. Chancellor's Medal for English poems. Publisher. *A Christmas Legend* first appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1907, is included in *Some Verse by F. S.,* and has frequently been printed separately.

SPENSER, EDMUND. 1552?–99. Born London; lived chiefly in Ireland. First book, *Shepheard's Calender,* proved genius. Later works: *Faerie Queene* (unfinished); *Amoretti Sonnets; Epithalamion.* Opened new road to English poetry with fertility of invention and sweetness of verse.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. 1850–94. Born Edinburgh. Called to Bar but never practised. Traveller, settled in Samoa. Great output, novels, essays, poems. Works: *Virginibus Puerisque, Studies of Men and Books, Child's Garden of Verses, Treasure Island.* Genius as "Teller of Tales."

SYLVESTER, JOSUA (JOSHUA?). 1563–1618. Son of Kentish clothier. Apprenticed against his will. Groom of the Chamber to Prince Henry. Secretary to Company of English Merchants in Holland, where he died. Wrote many poems and dedications, but is chiefly remembered as translator of *Divine Weeks and Works* of French poet, Du Bartas, which was highly popular and earned the epithet, "Silver-tongued Sylvester." Our poem

is preserved in Davison's *Poetical Rapsody*, one of the Miscellanies characteristic of the Elizabethan age. Other Miscellanies of this time were "Paradise of Dayntye Devises," "A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions," and "The Passionate Pilgrim."

TABB, JOHN BANISTER. 1845–1909. Roman Catholic priest, Maryland, America. Lived in seclusion of ecclesiastical college. Blind for last few years. Produced some hundreds of poems, mostly brief, but finely constructed.

TADEMA, LAURENCE ALMA, C.B.E. Daughter of the famous painter. Works: *Songs of Womanhood; A Few Lyrics.*

TENNYSON, LORD ALFRED. 1809–92. Son of clergyman, born Somersby, Lincs. Educated Trinity College, Cambridge. Early poems published 1830. Followed Wordsworth as Poet Laureate. Buried Westminster Abbey. Scholarly and exact work; master of word-music; Nature poet; lover of humanity and prophet of social reform. Longer poems: *Idylls of the King; The Princess; In Memoriam.*

THOMPSON, FRANCIS. 1859–1907. Educated Owens College, Manchester. Abandoned all thought of professional career for poetry in London, where he wrote in utter destitution. Years of misery through taking opium. Befriended by Mr. and Mrs. W. Meynell. Poems published 1893. *Hound of Heaven* best-known work, which shows author as religious mystic. Musical cadence and grandeur of style. Beautiful simplicity in *Ex Ore Infantium.*

THOMSON, JAMES. (B.V.) 1834–82. Born Port Glasgow. Son of seafaring man. Life of hardships. Army scholastic training; solicitor's office; secretary American silver-mine; Spanish correspondent for *New York World.* Miserable life in London. Greatest work, *City of Dreadful Night*, a poem of despair. B.V. stands for Bysshe Vanolis, after Shelley and Novalis a German. Must not be confused with an earlier James Thomson who wrote *The Seasons.*

TRAHERNE, THOMAS. 1637?–74. Chaplain. Poems in MS. discovered by Mr. Bertram Dobell, 1903. Works: *Roman Forgeries; Christian Ethicks; Centuries of Meditations.* Strongly influenced by Vaughan.

TYNAN, KATHARINE (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson). Born 1861, Dublin. Educated Sienna Convent, Drogheda. Prose- and verse-writings, mainly novels. Works: *Louise de la Vallière; A Red, Red Rose; A Daughter of the Fields; Ballads and Lyrics; Cuckoo Songs; Miracle Plays.* Verse tender and graceful.

VERNÈDE, ROBERT ERNEST. Born London, 1875. French extraction. Castle of the Vernèdes mentioned by R. L. Stevenson

in *Travels with a Donkey*. Educated St. Paul's and Oxford, where he took a classical exhibition at St. John's. Published several novels. Enlisted as private in a public schools' battalion. Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade. Killed in action at Havrincourt Wood, Easter Monday, 1917. Buried in French cemetery at Lechelle. Works: *War Poems and other Verses*, etc.

WALTERS, L. D'O. Born 1880, Dorchester. Educated privately. Has published volumes of verse: *Speedwell; Turquoise; Poems;* also *An Anthology of Recent Verse; Irish Poets of To-day; A Complete Guide to Wiltshire.*

WATT, REV. LAUCHLAN MACCLEAN. M.D. Of Skye origin. Educated Edinburgh University. Accompanied King of Denmark in Iceland as correspondent of *The Times* and *Manchester Guardian*. Chaplain to the Forces in France and Flanders. Minister of Glasgow Cathedral. Writer of verse (*In Love's Garden*; *The Grey Mother; In France and Flanders with the Fighting Men*); fiction (*The House of Sand*), and theological and historical works.

WEBSTER, JOHN. Dates unknown, but wrote for stage about 1602. Clerk to St. Andrew's parish, Holborn. Associated with Thomas Dekker in writing *Westward Ho!* and *Northward Ho!* and the *Tragical History of Sir Thomas Wyat*. Practically unknown until beginning of nineteenth century, when Lamb and Hazlitt discerned his merit. *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi* are his greatest tragical poems.

WESTWOOD, THOMAS. 1814–88. Poet and bibliographer. Lyrics full of tender feeling. Best-known work, *Berries and Blossoms*.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF. 1807–92. Born Haverill, Mass., of Quaker family. Journalist. Active Abolitionist. Poems show influence of Burns: *Snowbound; Ballads of New England; Barbara Frietchie*.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM. 1770–1850. Born Cockermouth, Cumberland. Early education Lake District; at Cambridge during Revolution; much influenced. Travelled abroad. With Coleridge published *Lyrical Ballads*, new note in English poetry. Settled Lake District. Laureate after Southey. Chief works: *Prelude; The Excursion; Lines on Tintern Abbey; On Intimations of Immortality;* and verse-stories of simple and tender feeling.

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER. Born 1865, Dublin; son of Irish artist. Finest work *The Wind among the Reeds;* published also, *The Wanderings of Oisin; Celtic Twilight*. Plays: *The Shadowy Waters; Deidre*, etc. Winner of Nobel Prize. Celtic atmosphere and charm.

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT. Born 1884. Works: *The Iron Age; Marching on Tanga; The Young Physician; Poems 1916–18.*

ZANGWILL, ISRAEL. Born 1864, London. B.A. London University. Left scholastic work for journalism. Lecturer in Europe, America and the East. Ardent Zionist. Dramatist: *Children of the Ghetto; Merely Mary Ann.* Novelist: *Dreamers of the Ghetto; King of Schnorrers; Mantle of Elijah; They that walk in Darkness.*

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